

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LXIII.

No. 3641 April 18, 1914

FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXXI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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IN LONDON.

I look on London with unseeing eyes,
My soul is lost in Cornwall by the sea.

In London when I dream, they say to
me:

"Why do you look with wide, unseeing
eyes?

What thoughts do you pursue?"

And I smile back and say: "I do not
know."

My soul is lost. I lost her on the seas.
She dived into a tangle of amber
weeds,

And lay there clutching them with hol-
lowed palms

As she would milk them of their sup-
ple strength.

She ran across the waters in the night
And laughed to put her feet upon the
moon-flakes,

And follow their patterned dancing.
She swam after a great ship across
the sea,

That cried to her a strange, old, sea-
man's tale.

The full white sails, like canterbury-
bells,

Dipped nodding in the sunlight and
the wind.

I look on London with unseeing eyes,
My soul is lost in Cornwall by the sea.

Maisie Radford.

The British Review.

AN EPISTLE.

God does not fall in anything,
The ring-dove's neck, the beetle's
wing,

The buds that turn from green to
gold,

The sunny perfumes of the spring,
The colored patchwork of the wold,
The blue dusk dropping fold on fold,
And all talk talked, and stories told
In the long evenings by the fire,
And strength and laughter and desire.

Dear, when you come to me and say,
Do this, do that, I must obey,
Swift to interpret, to devise,
With all the gladness that I may,
So can I face the trust that lies
Within your wide exacting eyes—
Your beautiful exacting eyes.

Mending and fashioning I know
If you will have, it must be so.

Do not be over harsh with me
When, empty of all subtlety,
Stupid and ignorant and shy,
You find my small reality.

When on a sudden grown as high
(And how much cleverer than I?)

You put your games and nonsense by
To find me also questioning
And helpless of all counselling.

Ah, turn your puzzled glances then
From the unresting ways of men,
From tangled right and tangled
wrong,

To where the brooks are loud with
rain,

To where the birds are glad with
song,

And with the world know you are
young,

And with the ageing world be
strong,

And unto God as faithful be
As in these days you are to me.

Sylvia Lynd.

The Nation.

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS.

Whom may we worship in this place
divine?

Whom may we pray to in this heaven-
built shrine?

The torrent's murmur hallows all the
air;

The avalanche is as a call to prayer;
A wistful spirit in the forest sighs;

Whom shall we call on, when our
heart replies?

I heard as 'twere a Voice that an-
swered me:

Fret not thyself, but let thy thought
run free!

Seek not the holy word, the hallowed
name!

Loose thy mind's pictures from the
square-cut frame!

Full as the flower that opens to the
light,

Open thy soul, and take My gift—
Dellight!

Saas-Fee.

F. W. Bourdillon.

The Spectator.

THE TYRANNY OF LABOR.

General Botha has been violently abused by organized British labor for having suppressed a labor movement which was clearly revolutionary in aim, character, and tendency by the energetic use of the martial law and by the deportation and permanent banishment of the leading agitators. I shall endeavor to show in the following pages that General Botha, far from being an enemy of the workers, has acted as their best friend. The lesson he has given them may have been a little harsh—it was certainly not very severe—but it has proved very salutary. Hence it seems likely that General Botha has set a precedent which will not be forgotten in the other Anglo-Saxon communities throughout the world if a situation should arise similar to that which General Botha had to face.

The laborer is worthy of his hire. The workers are, of course, entitled to make with the employers the best terms that they can obtain; they are, of course, entitled to combine with a view to raising their wages and improving their conditions; and they are entitled either to work or to refrain from working; but they are not entitled to terrorize, ill-treat, loot, burn, and destroy in order to obtain their ends, or to make war upon the peaceful community. Unfortunately, organized labor has of late fallen more and more under the influence of men who despise law and order, who openly preach violence, and who aim not at improving the lot of the workers by legitimate means, but at destroying capital, making war upon society, and bringing about a revolution. More and more often organized labor tries to improve its conditions not by negotiations, not by abstaining from work, but by attacking the community and

by inflicting upon it the greatest possible injury. Attempts are made to deprive the public of coal in mid-winter, of ice in the height of summer, of the post at Christmas-time, of electric light at night, and cooks and waiters have learned to go on strike in hotels and restaurants as soon as the soup is set on the table. A general railway strike was declared in Great Britain at the very moment when serious complications had arisen between Great Britain and Germany at the time of the Morocco crisis, and the leaders, with criminal selfishness and indifference, refused to adjourn the strike until the foreign situation had become clearer.

Methods of violence, which were formerly a rare exception, have become the rule. Nowadays every large strike in peaceful Great Britain is accompanied by riots, the deliberate destruction of property, arson, and violence. Not very long ago thousands of human lives were endangered in this country by strikers tampering with the points, destroying the signal-boxes on the railways, cutting the signal-wires, &c. However, methods of violence are employed no longer by strikers merely against their employers, against all who sympathize with their employers, and against the public at large, but they are used with special cruelty and ferocity against those workers who refuse to join the fighting unions or to go on strike. Trade unionism has become closely allied with terrorism, and it relies more and more upon violence not only for improving labor conditions, but also for obtaining adherents to the unions.

Nowadays strikes are no longer declared by a majority of the workers, but they are forced upon the workers by a few agitators, outsiders, who have

obtained control over a turbulent minority. Time after time it has happened that a comparatively small number of men who have gone on strike have marched from place to place and have "pulled out" the satisfied workers by threatening them with ill-treatment and with death. The workers who have been successfully "pulled out" by threats were afraid to go back to work in consequence of further threats, and for the sake of safety were forced to join the violent throng. Great strikes no longer break out, but are "made" by a few leaders. The grossest and the most inhuman forms of terrorism are employed against those who refuse to go on strike or who wish to return to work. The most brutal physical ill-treatment, such as "booting," and even murder, are becoming more and more frequent; and if the men are sufficiently protected against molestation and violence, the wives and children are made to suffer in their stead. The physical ill-treatment of the wives and children of willing workers and the destruction of their homes by gangs of strikers have become regular features of our labor disputes.

Organized labor has begun to discard peaceful, orderly, and fair methods, and to rely to a constantly increasing extent upon violence and brute force. What is the cause of this remarkable change in the methods by which nowadays industrial disputes are fought out on the part of labor? The reason lies in this: that a number of revolutionaries have obtained the control over the labor organizations. Socialism, which at one time was an idealistic movement, evolved and guided by philanthropic dreamers, has become frankly anarchistic and revolutionary in character. To the forward Socialists, as to the Anarchists, the State, and even the democratic State, is an abomination, is the enemy. Mr.

J. Morrison Davidson, a very influential and very prolific Socialistic writer, wrote, for instance, in his *Christ, State, and Commune*:—

The State is the evil, the inveterate foe of labor—be the Government Autocratic, Bureaucratic, or Social-Democratic. For what, after all, is our vaunted nose-counting, majority-ridden Democracy but an expansion of the old-time tyranny of monarch and oligarch, inasmuch as the Governmentalist, whatever his stripe, is doomed to act on the two root principles of statecraft—force and fraud? And, obviously, so long as that is so, his particular profession of political faith is almost a matter of indifference."

Mr. Robert Blatchford, the well-known Socialist leader, wrote in his book *God and My Neighbor*, of which, I think, several hundred thousand copies have been sold:—

"What was, what is, the State, wherever it exists, but a community of human beings barbarically held together by a well-drilled gang of magistrates, soldiers, policemen, gaolers, and hangmen?"

Modern Socialism, in its more advanced form, preaches anarchy, the destruction of the State, and it does not shrink from the most violent means. Mr. Bax, a leading British Socialist, wrote in his *History of the Paris Commune*:—

"We do not specially desire the death of political personages, while we often regret their slaying on grounds of expediency, if on no others. But at the same time, Socialists have no sentimental tears to waste over the heads of States and their misfortunes. To the Socialist the head of a State, as such, is simply a figure-head to whose fate he is indifferent—a nine-pin representing the current political and social order."

In the Independent Labor Party Songbook we read:—

"We're low, we're low, we're very very low,

And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will
go

Through the heart of the proudest
king."

Bax and Quelch, in their *Catechism of Socialism*, state:—

"Socialism is essentially revolutionary, politically and economically, as it aims at the complete overthrow of existing economic and political conditions. We should organize and be prepared for what might be described as a revolutionary outbreak. The economic changes which are taking place, and the corresponding changes in other conditions, are bringing about a revolutionary transformation in human society, and what we have to do is to help on this development, and to prepare the way for it."

Mr. Keir Hardie wrote in *From Serfdom to Socialism*:—

"In the International Socialist movement we are at last in the presence of a force which is gathering unto itself the rebel spirits of all lands and uniting them into a mighty host to do battle, not for the triumph of a sect, or of a race, but for the overthrow of a system which has filled the world with want and woe."

Hundreds of similar pronouncements might easily be given.

Lately the control of the Labor Movement has to a large extent passed from the Socialists to the Syndicalists. Many believe that Socialism and Syndicalism are closely related, that Syndicalism is merely the more violent form of Socialism. That is not the case. There is a profound difference between the aim and policy of the two movements. The Syndicalists resemble the Socialists only in this: that they preach class hatred and the class war; that they depict the capitalists as the worst enemies of the workers. Rightly considered, Syndicalism resembles more closely Anarchism than Socialism, as it is generally understood. The Socialists' aim, in the words of Marx and Engels, is the ab-

olition of private property. They propose that the land and all other instruments of production and distribution should become the property of the community, and that this property should be managed, not by individual capitalists, but by an army of officials. They wish to replace the private employers by official overseers. This aim appears too complicated to the Syndicalists. They do not preach that that vague entity called in Socialist writings "the State," "Society," or "the Community," should own all property, but that it should be directly owned by the workers themselves. They teach that the workers produce all the wealth, and that they are therefore entitled to the possession of all the wealth which they produce. They teach that the cotton-workers are entitled to the ownership of the cotton-mills and factories in which they are employed, that the ironworkers are entitled to the ownership of the iron-works, the postmen to the Post Office, the railway men to the railways, &c., because only then can the workers obtain all the wealth or profit created by the work of their hands. The workers are to obtain possession of all the works, factories, &c., in which they are employed by harassing their owners unceasingly, by making their life a burden, by making production unprofitable and thus compelling them to abandon their property in order to cut their loss, leaving the workers in possession. Mr. Tom Mann, the leader of British Syndicalism, teaches that faith need not be kept with employers. He wrote:—

"No more agreements. It is entirely wrong for the unionists to enter into agreements with the masters. The object of the unions is to wage the class war and to take every opportunity of scoring against the enemy. It must be remembered that the capitalists are always carrying on the war. Scarce a month passes, but some new

machine or method is introduced which enables the capitalist to reduce his wages bill by throwing surplus workers into the street. And this goes on continually and quite irrespective of agreements."

The aim of the Syndicalists, as that of the Anarchist-Socialists, is avowedly revolutionary. In Mr. Mann's words:—

"A working-class movement that is not revolutionary is not of the slightest use to the working class. But what will have to be the essential conditions for the success of such a movement? *That it will be avowedly and clearly revolutionary in its aim and method.* Revolutionary in aim, because it will be out for the abolition of the wages system and for securing to the workers the full fruits of their labor, thereby seeking to change the system of society from Capitalist to Socialist. Revolutionary in method, because it will refuse to enter into any long agreements with the masters, whether with legal or State backing, or merely voluntarily; and because it will seize every chance of fighting for the general betterment—gaining ground and never losing any."

Syndicalists, like Anarchists, distrust and hate the State. Mr. Mann wrote:—

"No Board of Trade official dare do anything to advance the interests of the men. The Board of Trade is a Government Department. The Government is an essence, and in detail, the machine of the Plutocracy, through which, and by which, they keep the workers in subjection. For any man to imagine that a Governmental Department may be seeking to do anything that will facilitate the overthrow of the ruling class is to declare himself a fool. To 'tie the workers down' is their work. Tie them down by assisting the capitalists."

Syndicalists condemn conciliation and arbitration for settling labor disputes, because they strive after war and not after peace. Therefore, they

do not wish to see labor disputes settled. Mr. Mann wrote:—

"For the class in possession, conciliation and arbitration agreements are of good service; but for a class that has yet to achieve its emancipation, they are a repudiation of the purpose of its own existence, and a denial of the reason for any further development. . . . When a class issue of any importance is raised, Might makes Right, always and everywhere. The policy of 'conciliation' is altogether a mistake at this time of day, with capitalism approaching its climax. Never in this history of the working-class movement was it so necessary for it to keep itself free from capitalistic entanglements, so that it may determine for itself how and when it shall fight its battles. With the accelerated speed of economic developments by which the workers' conditions are being so completely transformed, and with the increasing intensity of class antagonisms—necessitating on the workers' part common action against the whole of the forces of capitalism—the methods of conciliation and agreements are a fundamental source of weakness."

The small selection of Anarchist-Socialist and of Anarchist-Syndicalist pronouncements given should suffice to show why orderly strike methods have been replaced by savage persecution; why Anarchist methods, violence, terrorism, and wanton destruction of property are becoming constantly more frequent, and why the organized workers defy not only the authority of the State, but also that of their own leaders if these advise moderation and the respect of contracts; and why they refuse to be bound by those agreements into which they have solemnly entered in a corporate capacity.

To ruin the hated capitalists, the advanced Socialists and the Syndicalists have produced reckless and unnecessary strikes, characterized by violence, treachery, and perfidy, and

they have introduced the reduction of output. A violent strike is like an acute fever. It is devastating while it lasts, but the attack is soon over. The limitation of output is like a chronic fever. There is no sudden and violent attack, but the patient declines slowly and gradually. The limitation of output is an evil which is scarcely noticed by outsiders, but it is far more insidious and far more dangerous to Society and to the workers themselves than are strikes accompanied by violence and terrorism. The limitation of output is a doctrine which is preached by the Socialists, and the Socialists have unfortunately succeeded in persuading the Trade Unions that the limitation of output is in the interest of the workers. Mr. Bax wrote in his *Religion of Socialism*:—

"To the Socialist, labor is an evil to be minimized to the utmost. The man who works at his trade or avocation more than necessity compels him, or who accumulates more than he can enjoy, is not a hero, but a fool, from the Socialists' standpoint."

Mr. Leatham wrote in *The Evolution of the Fourth Estate*:—

"It is the interest of the employer to get as much work out of his hands as possible for as little wages as possible. It is the interest of the workers to get as high a wage as possible for as little labor as possible."

In the *Fabian Essays in Socialism* we read:—

"The workers have been taught by the practical economists of the trade unions, and have learnt for themselves, by bitter experience, that every time any of them in a moment of ambition or goodwill does one stroke of work not in his bond, he is increasing the future unpaid labor not only of himself, but of his fellows."

Throughout the British Trade Unions the "scientific" doctrine of the limitation of output is preached. The men are urged to produce as little as

possible, "to give the other fellow a chance," "to make the work go round"; and those who dare to produce more than the customary minimum are "outed" by savage persecution. The result of this organized and deliberate idling is disastrous to the English industries and the workers engaged in them. This deliberate idling nullifies to a large extent the economies brought about by labor-saving machinery. It makes British productions unnecessarily dear, and therefore limits the capacity of British manufacturers to compete with the industries of those countries where the limitation of output is either unknown or little known. Besides, the limitation of output, far from "making work" and benefiting the workers, impoverishes them.

Rightly considered, labor is paid not in money but in kind. In return for his work, a worker receives, in the form of wages, a certain measure of food, clothes, &c. In other words, the workers exchange among themselves the products of their labor under the supervision of their employers, who act as directors and overseers, and who do not receive a fixed salary, as they would in the Socialist State, but are paid by results. They receive, in the form of profits, salaries, which fluctuate in accordance with their ability and skill. As, rightly considered, labor is paid not in cash but in goods, it is clear that the less the workers produce, the less they can consume. This becomes obvious when we imagine that twelve workers and a capitalist live on an island out of touch with civilization. Six workers are engaged in producing food of various kinds, and six in producing clothing, while the capitalist regulates production, taking, let us say, five per cent of the whole produce of labor for his trouble. If the twelve workers produce much, there will evidently be a

superabundance of food and clothing for all, and the capitalist also will be very prosperous; but if, in the hope of benefiting themselves and of ruining their employer, the workers insist on high pay in return for little work, there may be high cash wages, but there will be a scarcity of food and clothes, and consequent misery. That is the position in Great Britain.

In this country, production per worker is incredibly low, partly in consequence of the insufficiency of the best labor-saving machinery, the introduction of which is strenuously opposed by the organized workers, partly owing to the deliberate limitation of output. According to the British Census of Production, the gross value of production per worker is 9s. 6d. per day in the boot and shoe trade, 5s. 9d. per day in the manufacture of cardboard boxes, 10s. 6d. per day in the cement trade, 8s. 9d. per day in the clothing trade, 7s. 6d. per day in clocks and watches, &c. The worker can, of course, not expect to obtain the gross value of his production, but at best the net value—that is, the gross value of the goods which he has made, less the cost of the raw materials and the general factory expenses involved in their production. According to the British Census of Production, the net value produced per worker per day is 3s. 10d. in the boot and shoe trade, 2s. 10d. in the clothing trade, 3s. 4d. in cotton goods, 4s. 4d. in clocks and watches, 3s. 10d. in cutlery and tools, 4s. in hats and caps, 3s. 8d. in hosiery, &c. Low production means, of course, low wages. Men whose net production comes only to a few shillings per day must remain poor even if they should succeed in doubling their money wages. The policy of the workers of demanding high wages for a low production merely results in their raising the prices against themselves.

The cost of commodities consists

chiefly in the wages paid in their production. In the United States wages are from two to three times as high as in Great Britain, yet the cost of living is about equal in both countries, because the highly-paid American worker produces from two to three times as much as his British colleague. He does not oppose the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and a deliberate limitation of output similar to that in Great Britain is practically unknown. In 1904 the United States Department of Commerce and Labor published a bulky investigation entitled *Regulation and Restriction of Labor*. In that most interesting volume we read:—

"Perhaps the most significant fact brought about by this investigation is the striking difference between . . . Great Britain and the United States . . . In Great Britain the justification of vested rights is avowed, and shows itself strongly in the dislike of capitalists to discard old and out-of-date machinery and methods of business, and in the obstacles placed by unionists in the way of machinery and division of labor which tend to eliminate their acquired skill. . . .

"A form of justification for the restriction of output (in the United States) which is disavowed by all but a very few of the labor representatives who have been interviewed, is that of 'making work,' or 'making the work go round.' Only one national officer of a labor union was found who was willing to justify restrictions on this score, and his position will be found stated in its proper connection (machinery). Local officers also usually deny such a motive, but it is certain that this motive prevails widely among workmen themselves. It is found among older unionists, especially immigrants from England and Wales, and to a less extent among younger unionists. . . . Where the employers have themselves become strongly organized, they have quite generally placed foremost their demands for eliminating all restriction

of output, and these demands have been quite generally conceded by the unions, both in formal agreements and in practice. The essential feature in these agreements is the pledge given by the employers' association to discipline its own unscrupulous members whose methods have compelled the union to resort to restrictions in self-protection. . . . As regards the intensity of restrictions, however, distinguished from their extent, it is evident that such extreme cases have not been found among trade unions in the United States as in Great Britain. . . ."

"One can readily understand how difficult it is to make any change whatever in the English engineering industry. Each party knows exactly what it is getting when working on traditional lines with traditional machinery and old methods. The working man is afraid that if any change, however slight, is made, his pay per unit of effort will be lowered. On the other hand, the employer is afraid that any proposed change of whatever nature will result in friction and controversy with his workmen. He fears that, should he reorganize his shop with expensive and more modern machinery, his employees would either refuse to work the new machines, or, not being familiar with the power of the machinery, would demand a rate of pay which would more than absorb the profits from its use, or, suspecting that they were not getting a sufficient rate of pay on the machine, would restrict the output so as to make the venture unprofitable. Although this deadlock condition is a genuine restriction of output, and one fraught with great dangers to the future of the country, it is not a restriction that can be stated statistically. It is hoped, however, to give a sufficient illustration of the way in which actual controversies have arisen in the last few years to make it plain that the English engineering industry is very much below the highest possible efficiency, and that under present conditions English working men are turning out very much less product than

they are capable of doing without any injury whatever to their health or to the social welfare."

Many examples of the deliberate and unreasonable limitations of output by British workers are given in the Report in the shape of statements from individual factories. We read, for instance:—

"We employed some Englishmen some years ago who had been working in England for \$1.75 a day. We paid them \$3, but required twice the product. In a short time we found not only the newcomers restricting their output, but all our other men following their example. Then we adopted the daily-rate system, based on product absolutely, and the English contingent soon dropped their restrictions."

In another part of the Report is stated:—

"A leading manufacturer of boot and shoe machinery says the fact that labor is cheaper in England than in the United States brings it about that there is not the same inducement in England to use machinery, and that when machinery comes, the men, having experience only with the old hand piece price, attempt to apply that scale to work on the machine, whereas the sole object of the employer in introducing the machine is to reduce the labor cost by reducing the piece price. He says he knows of instances in which as much has been done on the Consolidated machine in England as in America, but admits that such cases are entirely isolated and exceptional. In general, the output is much smaller than in America. . . ."

"This expert expressed the view that the average wage in England is not sufficient to keep up the efficiency of the laborer and enable him to bring up a family and give his sons a sufficient education to fit them for anything else than the kind of workman that the father himself is. He said that where the Englishman turns out from 300 to 400 pairs of a given kind on a Consolidated machine, in America they turn out from 700 to 800."

I have recently been in correspondence on the subject of limitation of output with Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, of Philadelphia, one of the ablest American consulting engineers. He is well known as the inventor of the most up-to-date system of scientific management based on time-study and movement-study in factories and workshops, on which he has published two valuable books. He is a thoroughly practical man who has reorganized many American factories. He wrote:—

"Years ago I arrived at the conclusion that under-production was the most serious problem which England had to face, and in my lectures in this country I have almost invariably spoken of this, pointing out the fact that the English people—including their political leaders and the leaders of the trade unions—were, as we put it, 'barking up the wrong tree' in their effort to ameliorate the condition of the working men.

"No amount of readjustment of the joint rewards of labor and capital can make the English working men materially better off. Their only hope lies in an increase in individual output throughout the country.

"I know case after case in England where they use exactly the same machines as in this country, but at far less horse-power and at far less speed than they should be run, and in a manner so as to turn out nothing like half the work that is being turned out in this country; and this is due, not to the lack of proper machinery, but to the almost unalterable determination of every workman in England to turn out as little work as possible each day, in return for the money which he receives. This with the English workmen is almost a religion.

"In 1882, when I was a foreman in the machine-shop of the Midvale Steel Co., I first became thoroughly convinced of this fact. At that time the steel business in this country was comparatively in its infancy, and it was impossible for us to get skilled American workmen to carry on the

steel business. There was at that time quite a large English immigration of skilled steel workers to this country, and we had to depend for some time upon these men to do our work. At that time there were no trade unions in the steel business to speak of in this country (at least, they were not powerful). In spite of this fact, however, I soon found that every English workman was doing everything in his power, first, to restrict his own output, and second, to induce every other workman around him to restrict output to the maximum possible extent.

"After one or two years of unremitting, kindly effort, I found that it was absolutely impossible to persuade the English workmen that it was to their interest to turn out a *proper day's work*, or even to stop them in their campaign of persuading and bulldozing American workmen into adopting their theories as to the necessity for restricting output. As a result of this we were compelled, in our steelworks, to absolutely make it a rule never to employ English workmen. From this time forward, even with unskilled American stock, we were able to make extremely rapid progress. Our workmen had not yet been inoculated with this terribly pernicious fallacy that restriction of output was a necessity for the prosperity of the workman.

"To illustrate the restriction of output, we had in our works a locomotive and car wheel tire rolling machine, which was bought from Tangye Brothers in England, and all the apparatus connected with this machine came from England. We had a splendid set of English workmen—that is, they were fine fellows, and were very skilled workers and personally not lazy or shiftless—to run this machine. And yet, after working at it for three or four years, they refused to turn out more than fifteen tires per day. We called their attention over and over again to the fact that at this rate of production we were making no profit whatever; that it was absolutely necessary to increase the production of this machine. All of our

persuasion and all of our talk was of no avail whatever, and we were finally obliged to discharge the whole lot of them, to get every man outside of the works, and ourselves to train in an entirely new and green set of American workmen, who had never seen a machine of this sort. Within three months after training them in, we had increased the output from fifteen to twenty-five tires a day, and this output went on, right on the same machine, increasing, until, three or four years later, we had an output of 150 tires a day.

"The great obstacle which you have to overcome in England is not the unwillingness of the manufacturers to use modern machinery, but the unwillingness of your workmen to properly use modern machinery after it is installed."

In another letter he wrote:—

"The greatest trouble from which the English people are suffering is not so much the lack of good machinery (although in this respect they are considerably back of us in the United States), but that it is the determination on the part of your workmen to deliberately restrict output.

"My friend, Mr. H. D. Kendall, Manager of the Plimpton Press at Norwood, Mass., which is running under the principles of scientific management, informed me that when he was in Oxford last year he saw an American-made printing press, the exact duplicate of one which he had in his works. The managers of the Oxford printing establishment told him that they had very great difficulty in getting the press run at the rate of 1,000 units, and that, in fact, the English workmen would not turn out this amount of work.

"In his own establishment, the same press was regularly turning out at the time 1,900 units, and they are planning to get out 2,500.

"You will see that exactly the same machine, then, owing to the restriction of the English workmen, will be using only one-half of the horse-power in England that it does in America, and this is the point which I wish to em-

phasize: that the great crusade in England should be made with the *working people*, pointing out to them that their only hope for increased wages lies in increased output. It is not that your workmen cannot do as well as ours. It is that they absolutely refuse to do what they could do with ease, and with no possible injury to their health."

Not long ago, when I visited a large number of factories in the United States and in Canada, I was everywhere told by manufacturers and managers that they did not care to employ Englishmen. In many factories, both in the United States and in Canada, there are placards at the factory-gates stating, "No Englishmen need apply." This desire not to employ Englishmen is due not to a dislike of England and of Englishmen, but solely to a dislike of the methods employed by the English workers. I was frequently told: "When we engage Englishmen they upset our factories. They do not want to do a proper day's work, and constantly try to prevent the others doing a proper day's work. They refuse to use modern machinery and modern methods. It takes at least a couple of years to break Englishmen in, to teach them to use the best labor-saving machinery and to run it at a proper speed."

Labor has become dangerous to others and to itself. It constantly complains about oppression, although it has itself become an oppressor. Organized labor has embarked upon a Society-smashing campaign. It recklessly produces labor disputes, it acts with faithlessness and ferocity in case of strikes, and it reduces production as much as possible. The modern policy of labor is harmful to the State, to Society, and especially to labor itself. Men whose ideals are shirking and violence cease to be good workers, and only good workers are

worth a high wage. The tyrannous policy of British organized labor is gradually destroying the industries of the country.

The modern policy of British labor, instead of enriching the British workers, keeps them in poverty, and forces them to emigrate by the hundred thousand; and when the emigrant British workers arrive in Canada and the United States, they find it very difficult to obtain a good position, partly because they are no longer willing and able to work, partly because the employers do not care to take on men whose ideals are terrorism and shirking. The modern labor leaders are undoubtedly the worst enemies of the working men. General Botha, by acting with energy against the revolutionary conspirators who have misguided the workers in the Transvaal, deserves the gratitude of all thinking men, and especially of the workers themselves. He has acted in their in-

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terest by deporting the Syndicalist agitators and banishing them from South Africa.

The facts given in the foregoing article show that the tyranny of labor threatens the prosperity of the British industries and the very existence of the nation. The tyranny of labor, by undermining the foundations of British industry and of British wealth, is one of the greatest dangers which threaten Society and the State. As the Government has shown itself lamentably weak in dealing with labor terrorism, the employers must help themselves. They should combine, not in order to break the power of the Trade Unions, but to break that of the outside agitators who threaten to ruin not only the national industries, but also the workers engaged in them and the Unions which they have formed. In doing so, they will act as the best friends of labor.

Politicians.

AT RAVENGLASS.

The ringed plovers went north at the end of March. It was one of those days that the bellowing equinoctial gales love to bring to the south coast. The pale sunshine played hide-and-seek with the hail storms over the sea, and the sand fled in stinging clouds before that harsh east wind that the old rhyme describes as:

Neither good for man nor beast.
We thought that this condemnation was too moderate, as we struggled into a sheltered angle of the rocks. But the warm corner already held other refugees. Five storm-beaten ringed plover stood on the stones by the water's edge, with their trim fawn feathers ruffled with spray, and the foam splashing over their feet. Were they grumbling at the

gale which had brought them thus far on their journey northwards, and now held them storm-bound on this inhospitable coast? Not a bit of it. A gleam of sunshine broke through the clouds, and as if in answer, the first bird began piping: *Tee-tee-toy-tee*, and another and another took up the word, until all five were duetting and whistling together in the sweetest, merriest chorus of Pan-pipes ever heard on a bleak March morning. Then, with a flash of silver gray wings, they skimmed seawards, and whirled away round the Point. But the day seemed brighter for the sound of their cheery voices, and we did not grumble about the weather any more.

Instead, we said: "We too will go up north, when the days are longer."

In May we met the plover again among the multitudes of birds who fly and wade and swim along the shingle banks of Ravenglass, at the estuary of the three rivers. The rivers flow north and south and west, until they meet on the saltings, and then all three go shouting down to the sea together. Twice a day the high tides sweep up the channel, until there is half a mile of wind-swept water between the mainland and the low range of bare dunes on the seaward side of the estuary, which is the great stronghold of the wild fowl.

Sixteen centuries ago, the Roman legions used to sail right up to the village on their way to the Great Wall, and the old name that they gave to the place still clings to the fells above the estuary: but for five hundred years the winds and waters have worked together to pile up great dunes and sandbanks along the coast, and these have been given over to the birds. At low water, every sandy spit and naked mussel-bed is crowded with gulls, and plover, and pink-shanked oyster-catchers; shelduck dabble in the ooze of the mudflats; and a stately heron or two stands sentinel at the water's edge. If you climb the sandhills and turn eastwards, you look right up the valleys of the three rivers, into the heart of the mountains. If you look westwards, you will see the Isle of Man—a blue smear on the horizon, and the choppy, troublous Irish Sea fretting and splashing on the beaches that it has laid down at the foot of the dunes. I say that you might see all this, but first of all you will not see it. That is because the shingles and the marram plots, and the ridges and the valleys of the sandhills, and the air over and under and around you, will be so full of seagulls.

A great flock of birds has a beauty and impressiveness entirely of its own. No herd of cattle, however great, no

crowd of men, however imposing, can convey quite the same idea of space and multitude. Every dune top and every hollow is studded with gulls, until the whiteness of them massed together in the marram grass is like the whiteness of melting snowdrifts on the hillside, and the air also is full of them, skimming and swooping to and fro. The sound of their voices, like the roar of the tide on the bar, is mighty. Now a couple rush fifty feet upwind to buffet each other playfully and then fall apart, as a score of others whirl round them. Here a battalion stoop to their nests, poised like a troop of angels. Everywhere there is a tumultuous rush of wings, a great and sonorous clamor. And yet, although some of the birds swoop hither and thither headlong, while others hang aloft almost motionless, breasting the wind, there is no confusion. It is like a great musical symphony made corporate, in which the leading notes, with chord and arpeggio and appoggiatura, are represented by soaring birds.

But no prose description can do justice to the magnificent rhythm of their flight, nor any verse, unless I think it might be some of Swinburne's great anapaests:

White glories of wings,
As of sea-faring birds
That flock to the springs
Of the sunrise in herds,
With the wind for a herdsman, and
hasten or halt at the charge of
his words.

At the charge of his word
Bidding pause, bidding haste,
When the ranks are stirred
And the lines displaced,
They scatter as wild swans parting
adrift on the wan green waste.

Every now and then, as at a given signal, a silence falls on the host. With one accord they rise, and swoop noiselessly to and fro before dropping

back on to their eggs again with renewed clamor. This sudden hush in the middle of such great sound and stir is like the duration of a semi-breve rest in the midst of a piece of orchestral music, and is strangely impressive.

As you walk across the hills, fresh clouds of birds rise on all sides while those behind drop screaming to their nurseries, which are built so close together that it would be quite possible to pass right across the dunes and set your foot upon a clutch of eggs at each step. The air is heavy with the pungent smell of the sunshine on the nettle-beds, and also with that peculiar taint which is always so apparent near a great gathering of birds. Except for a few domestic tussles for the privilege of warming the eggs, there is no quarrelling. The male birds hold jousts on certain bare patches of sand in the midst of the colony, but their tourneys are quite harmless. The bird turns slowly round and round with outstretched head and neck, while he calls attention to his display by harsh screaming. Now and then a big stupid chick blunders into the lists, and stands bewildered, while all the doughty warriors lower their heads and boo at him, until his mamma comes up and hustles him away from the hubbub, just as you may see a human mother dragging her youngster out of the crowd that has collected round a street fight.

The gulls, however, are merely the plebeians of the Ravenglass sandhills; the terns are the patricians—especially the Sandwich terns.

The Sandwich terns nest in small quarrelsome parties on the tops of the dunes. The slovenly hollows in the sand that contain their handsome mottled eggs are scraped so close together that when one bird turns round on her nest, her tail touches her neighbor's head, and then the couple scold

and gobble at one another until they can adjust their long wings to each other's convenience. Even when the colony is at peace, which is not often, the birds keep up a subdued chorus in guttural monotone. The Sandwich tern lacks the beautiful coral bill and legs of the common tern, but still he is a handsome bird enough, with sabre wings of wondrous span, glossy crest, and ochre and ebon bill, and it was a rare treat to spend two days in watching a colony at close quarters, from the shelter of a large wicker-work crate covered with dry marram grass.

These particular Sandwich terns were nesting in the middle of a much larger colony of black-headed gulls, with whom, however, they seemed to live on good terms. The black-headed gull is not such an unprincipled buccaneer as his greater and lesser black-backed cousins, but on the second day I saw a flagrant piece of larceny committed. For some time a shabby old gull had been hopping about among the brooding terns, who of course, accustomed to the sight of his brown hood and white spectacles, paid no attention to him while he rambled among their nurseries, like a wolf in sheep's clothing. One tern left her nest unguarded for a minute. The gull sidled up and, glancing round guiltily, sucked an egg. He had reckoned without the tern's keen eyes. She and half a dozen of her clan swooped down screaming upon the thief. He, however, evaded retribution for the time being by escaping into a crowd of other gulls.

The tern was a good deal puzzled and annoyed by her broken egg. She tried to brood over it, but as it dribbled its contents over her feathers, she picked it up contemptuously and threw it aside. Immediately, amid a scream from the sympathizing neighbors, a jackdaw, one of those pests who haunted the outskirts of the gullery,

swooped down and carried off the broken egg. The original robber left the neighborhood for a time, but next day he and one or two of his companions were seen pirating the nests, not only of the common and Sandwich terns, but also of their own kind. I do not believe, however, that the black-headed gulls *as a race* are thieves. It is far more likely to be a new habit adopted by certain aberrant individuals. When thousands of birds are crowded together in one locality, the wonder is that they can find food at all, not that they turn to robbery in order to procure it.

The common terns muster in their thousands at Ravenglass. They nest on a grassy flat in the heart of the dunes, apart from the gulls and the plover and the oyster-catchers, who share the rights of the sandhills with them. It was a windy day when we went to the ternery. The winter storms had carved the dunes into abrupt fantastic shapes, and, like shaggy hair blown awry, great tussocks of marram grass waved sadly from their summits. Inland the sun was shining, but a thin film of mist blew in from the sea, and the wind drove the sand down the gullies in low clouds, until it looked almost as if we were walking knee-deep in a stream of water. We found the birds in a wide sandy basin shut in by sand hillocks. They had but newly arrived from overseas, and as it was their courting time, they spent the forenoon in hanging in a dense cloud over their future breeding-ground. Underfoot were innumerable scrapings in the sand, as though the birds were trying experiments in nest-building. Now and then a tern would alight with a flutter of long white wings, and then, as if the site did not please her, swept up to join her fellows; but for the most part the whole flock hung over our heads, uttering their monotonous and melancholy cry:

"*Kree-a-kree.*" There was none of the bustle and movement of the gull colony. Each bird kept her unvarying station in the flock, and her part in the chorus. Only, as we walked onwards, the whole vast army, as if moved by some common impulse, would now and then sweep a few yards forward so as to maintain their place overhead. I cannot tell how it was, unless perhaps it might have been the influence of many hundreds of eyes all fixed intently upon us, but after awhile there seemed to be something almost eerie in this immense flock of birds, with their wailing voices, and straining, but almost immovable, wings silhouetted against the sky, and beautiful as they were, I felt that I almost hated them. They did not stoop at us, but all the while we felt that they were watching, and that if we had been birds instead of men, they would have dealt with us less patiently. One day a pair of young partridges strayed among the sandhills. Immediately the whole tern colony descended and slew them. There was no wound on the victims' bodies, but the skulls were punctured all over with stabs from the murderous bills of the terns.

The amount of mutual defence that is found in a bird community varies a good deal with different species. To a certain extent no doubt all gregarious birds have a rudimentary social system, but a few possess it in more eminent degree. Among these, terns rank high. For my part, I should class them with the starlings and the crows as one of the most intelligent, as they are one of the most social, species of British birds. These qualities indeed generally go together, for common interests are a good whetstone for the wits. It would also seem as if terns were capable of a good deal of concerted action in other directions, if we may believe a story related by Edwards of Banff and quoted by W.

H. Hudson. A tern was shot and wounded, but before the gunner could retrieve it, its fellows seized it by the wing-tips and bore it out of reach away to sea.

The lesser terns, who nest on the shingle banks nearer the sea, are of more solitary habits, but they have also waspish dispositions to judge from the unmerciful way in which they harry any unwary gull or plover who wanders near their eggs. However, in their domestic life they are altogether charming. I spent the greater part of a summer's day in watching a pair of them from the shelter of that crate which had already imposed so successfully upon the Sandwich terns. The hen bird treated the crate with complete indifference, and it was one of the prettiest sights in the world to see her sail down on to her eggs and poise herself daintily upon her tiny webbed feet. Now and then she looked up and called to her mate who hovered overhead.

He replied at once by coming down close to the nest, and then began a very pretty game of pretence. The cock bird lowered his head and advanced towards his mate with little mincing steps. She, for her part, pretended to be bored by his attentions, and strolled away, stretching her wings and pecking fretfully at the pebbles around her. Finding that she would not notice him, the cock came up to the nest, and stared at the eggs with such admiration that I thought that he was about to cover them. But at that, all make-believe was at an end. The hen bird suddenly took wing and he dashed up to join her. The pair of them rose like white butterflies in a fluttering spiral, and for the next half-hour all that could be known of them were their lover-like voices twittering overhead. Few people realize the important part that the cock bird plays in hatching the eggs

and rearing the young. The relation between sire and offspring, on the whole, is much closer among birds than it is in the case of most mammals. I was often struck with this at Ravenglass, where the rabbits on the sandhills were almost as numerous as the birds. The little rabbits, after they left the nesting burrow, had to fend for, and educate, themselves. On the other hand, the gulls and plover followed their parents, and were fed and fostered at night, until they had completely outgrown the comfortable bivouac of their mother's feathers and were to all intents adult.

The bare saltings that lie on either side of the estuary were not much frequented by gulls and terns, who preferred the marram covert of the dunes, but they were a great haunt of the wading birds. In May these flats were gay with thrift and scurvy grass and heartsease flowers. Nesting-places were then at a premium, and every fifty yards some anxious peewit or ringed plover scolded you for a breach of the law of trespass. There was a dandy oyster-catcher on every hillock, and in the hollow behind, his mate slipped stealthily from her eggs at our approach. The oyster-catcher was undoubtedly the bird that was most in evidence at Ravenglass, not even excepting the gulls. All day long, and all night too, one could hear his merry rattling pipe by the waterside. Small bachelor parties gathered upon the foreshore, or limped down the sandy spits, whistling shrilly. Most of the birds, however, were very busy with their domestic concerns, and their "mock nests" were scraped everywhere among the dry seaweed. I have never watched the courtship of the oyster-catcher, but it seems likely that as with the wooing of the tufted duck, misselthrush and lapwing, the making of a sham nest is a regular part of the performance. The simplest way to find

the real nest, with its complement of four handsome eggs is to follow the footprints of the old birds in the sand—their “feetings,” as the boatmen call them—up from the water side.

Oyster-catchers, when once their suspicions have been lulled, (no easy task) are the most interesting birds to study at close quarters. In 1912 I spent two days, as an unsuspected and uninvited guest, within six feet of a nest on a windy plateau above the estuary bar. All the forenoon the hen bird brooded lovingly, rising every hour or so to readjust her eggs. Towards noon, however, she became restless, and the reason for her flutter was not far to seek. It was ebb tide, and her mate was coming to relieve guard. In due course he walked up to the nest, and she jumped up joyfully and tripped down to the beach. Meanwhile he tucked the eggs skilfully under his waistcoat and brooded faithfully for an hour. At the end of this time, the shore being covered by the inflowing tide, the hen bird returned to resume her duties, and there was a pretty little scene between the couple. They caressed each other with their scarlet bills, while they whistled together in the sweetest, softest bird music ever heard. Even after his mate was settled on her eggs once more, the male bird lingered near the place as if loath to leave it. I have seldom seen birds that I liked so well—so beautiful, so innocent, and so occupied.

While I was watching the oyster-catchers, there was a thrum of wings, and a fine sheldrake pitched close by. The sheldrake is a common bird at Ravenglass, and at low tide small parties of two or three birds can be seen waddling sedately over the mud.

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They breed plentifully in the rabbit burrows among the dunes, but the duck seldom succeeds in bringing her first brood to the water; for, unluckily for her, at Ravenglass her eggs have a commercial value, both for sale to visitors, and also for the pot. The duck leaves the burrow twice a day in order to feed: once early in the morning, and again late in the afternoon. As is the rule with most of her tribe, her mate calls for her at the mouth of the burrow, takes her down to the mud-flats, and then escorts her back to the nest again. Often at sunset, when the tide was low, I heard their amorous voices as they flew past the boat, but as a rule the sheldrake is a wary fowl, whose intimate acquaintance you may make only through binoculars, or (if you are of that way of thinking) from behind a trigger.

For there are divers ways of making the acquaintance of a wild bird. Some people, as I say, do so through the lens of field-glass or camera, and more along the barrels of a gun. Others again use nothing but their eyes, and this method certainly has more delights and less disappointments than either of the other two. But whichever way you make it, the privilege of the acquaintance is the same. For it is indeed a privilege to meet people who are never idle and seldom unhappy, who do not waste time in discussing their duties, or repenting of their stupidities, and who, best of all, as Walt Whitman says, are never under any circumstances respectable.

N.B.—I append a list of the birds seen on this occasion: ringed plover, heron, black-headed gull, Sandwich tern, common tern, lesser tern, green plover, oyster-catcher, sheldrake.

M. D. Haviland.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XXV.

That evening I dined at Parson's Hanger. I came there only in time to be taken upstairs to dress; and I suppose because I hurried, thinking myself later than I ought to be, I found myself before dinner waiting alone in the drawing-room.

Dacia came in as I stood by the fire: Dacia in white satin. The firelight danced over her as she came forward; firelight danced over her arms, her hair, in her eyes. She shook hands with me as if we had parted no longer ago than yesterday, and yet from the moment I saw her I knew that since I had met her last, two months ago in London, something in her had changed. In the moment of time that she stood there before she spoke to me I found myself guessing what it was. There was a challenge in her eyes; was it the same challenge? I heard her laugh again, and I remembered the first time she had met me in the wood.

I made some commonplace remark about the weather, and as I did so she put out her hand to touch a candle on the mantelshelf behind me. The light from the candle fell upon her arm, and—I meant to do nothing of the kind—I glanced at a ring she wore. And she took down her hand and laughed.

"I always did say you were a noticing person," she said, and as she spoke there were voices at the open door, and two men came into the room, Roderick the second of them.

"Let me see," said Dacia, "you haven't met, have you? Let me introduce Captain Forbes. Tom, this is Mr. Markwick."

And we went in to dinner. And before dinner had been long in progress two facts had become abundantly plain. One was that Dacia, who only

occasionally took any notice of Captain Forbes, was at the same time perfectly satisfied to command the whole homage, heart, and wits of a man who stood some four inches above six feet, and who appeared to be convinced that the entire cosmic scheme was and ought to be designed for no other purpose than to afford pleasure to Dacia; the other was that this conviction was being borne in upon Captain Forbes with greater force every moment of each succeeding day. And if there was a third fact which somehow became insistent that evening, it was that I, who had promised myself that I should be insanely jealous at contemplating the bare possibility of what lay plain and certain before my eyes, had become nothing of the kind. It would have been difficult for me, no doubt, to be as enthusiastic over the dispositions of Fate as Captain Forbes appeared to be, but at least Fate was not an enemy. It was natural enough, I told myself: there was never any question from the beginning of being anything else but one out of a dozen or twenty, and when I, or any other out of the dozen or twenty, had had two months and more in which to become inured to that certainty, there was every probability that it would become accepted as a fact without unhappiness. And so accepted it remained.

We talked of shooting most of the dinner through; and of shooting through most of the evening. It was only at the end of the evening, when Roderick had taken me to the door of my room, and we looked for a moment at the night out of my window, that I heard a word of plain explanation of the story of Dacia's engagement.

"We're all delighted, of course," he said. "I never thought myself it

would come off. She was half engaged to him last year, but she wouldn't go out to India, and I can't say I blame her. He—well, he hadn't a bob, and couldn't leave his regiment, so it was all off. And then, a month or two ago—all of it like a novel, don't you know, Uncle died, only rich member of the family, and the property went to a cousin; blessed if the cousin didn't cut his stick within a month, and there was good old Tom stuck straight from a regiment of Sikh Pioneers or something of the sort into the family property and the Lord knows how much a year. Wired home to Dacia; going to be married in October; announcement and all the rest of it in to-day's *Times*. What?"

I expressed suitable delight.

"And the rum part of it all is, you know," observed Roderick, returning for a moment from the open door, "the rum part of it is that she—well, you know what she is yourself—she would never have married any other fellow but Tom. That's the rum part of it. It's my belief she'd have married him anyhow, and I always used to tell him so, but she couldn't stick the idea of never having a sou to play with. And I'm bound to say I think she was right; she knows something about it, and it's the very devil. Well," he reflected, "it's fortunate that the luck changes now and again, even if it's only once in a blue moon."

And with one more glance at the night through the window, he left me, meditating on the periodic recurrence of blue moons, and hoping for fine weather for the roots and seeds of to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Breakfast the next morning was early. I reflected upon Roderick's views of the necessities of life when I observed the heap of correspondence placed at his end of the table; it seemed to consist chiefly of bills, which

he opened and thrust aside. My own correspondence appeared to be no more interesting than his, and went into my pocket; Dacia, who had received the formal expression of my good wishes with becoming dignity, was confronted by a pile of letters and a telegram, the result of yesterday's announcement in the *Times*. Some she read, others she reserved; what she chiefly wanted to do was to be out of doors.

We stood at ten o'clock at the gate of a large field high up beyond the wood at the back of the house. In front of us lay a succession of fields separated by low hedges, swedes and mangels, a strip of mustard, a patch of seeds; here and there a shaw of oaks and ashes, a wood bordered by low-cut, a stretch of straw-white stubble. There had been a frost in the night, and the light breeze that flickered from the north-west was touched with a tang of ice; crystals swam in the crinkled leaves at our feet, and the green of the roots in the shadow of the wood was swept with gray. The carol of a robin came from the hedgerow, and once, I thought, I heard the first few notes of a thrush trying his autumn song—a bird of the year, I fancied, for his piping faltered. And I found myself thinking, as we stood there, of things which had little to do with our purpose of the morning; of the fullness and kindness of harvest, of country church windows piled high with fruits and wheat, of harvest hymns and harvest thanks, of the vigor of life in the wide world spread before us under the September sun.

And the sun was already hot on my gun barrels. The plan of the day was explained to me; we were to walk this field and that, gradually coming nearer through the morning to a wood which I recognized as the one which bordered the Grange garden; there, I was told, we should turn down towards the road,

and from the road back again towards Parson's Hanger.

We set out, the four of us with Payton and an underkeeper and a boy or two, across the stubble to the roots at the far side of the field. We shot through the morning, and between the shooting of all four of us there was very little difference. For myself, I was wishing that we had been a party of three instead of four, for of all employments for women's hands I think I dislike shooting most: I hardly knew, until that morning, how strong the disliking could be. But I had to conceal it then; and more than once, as the morning wore through, I found that I was contrasting my day at Parson's Hanger with the quiet and gentleness of the days I had spent at the Grange: with the children, their gardens, their trivial pleasures. What was Peggy doing, I wondered, this morning? How had she planned to spend her time, this first day with her brothers gone from the Grange? Would she be in the house, or in the garden, or walking, perhaps, on some errand of her own to the village? I wanted, as we came nearer and nearer through the fields towards the Grange, to leave the shooting and to see for myself. But I remembered that she had told me she would rather be alone.

We reached the field which ran up to the wood above the Grange, where we were to turn. I was on the right of the line, and we had wheeled over nearly the whole field when a partridge got up unexpectedly rather far out, in a part of the field over which we had walked already. It swung back, and I fired as it turned; the bird fell, and I went to pick it up. I could not find it where I had marked it fall, and I signalled for the dog. He was a young dog and wild, and had worked badly through the morning; he made straight off down one of the drills, checked at the hedge, galloped along

the edge of the field, and came careering back to the keeper. Roderick swore, and signalled that we were to finish out the field; we walked to the end of the roots. Roderick called to me to go back and look for the running bird; he would beat out the hedge we had come to; he believed some birds had run into it. We went back. The dog was tried, and could make nothing of it; the keeper seemed to make up his mind that the bird must have run to the far corner of the field, where there was a gate; he called the dog and went off to the gate. I walked down the drill where the dog had first run, to look at the fence; on the other side, I knew, was the road to the village. I came to the hedge, which was loose and thin; I heard a sound from the other side, and got through to see.

And there on the bank knelt Peggy, with a dying partridge on her lap. She heard me coming through the hedge-row, and she thought it was the keeper, for she looked up with her valiant eyes; then she saw that it was I, and she dropped her head again, and knelt there with the bird dying in her hands.

I stood on the bank above her, and there was no word to be said. The bird struggled up and drooped again; Peggy looked on each side of her, but there was no water; she pulled a handful of grass and put it under the bird's head.

"Peggy dear," I said, and she did not move. I could think of nothing but to stand between her and the field where the guns waited. "Peggy dear," I said, "it isn't safe for you to sit there."

She shook her head. Then she gathered her frock under the bird, and I wanted to help her, but she got up without looking at me, and walked slowly down the road, holding her frock with its cushion of grass.

I heard Roderick's voice in the field

behind the hedge. The dog broke through, and Roderick followed it.

"What in the name of——"

"Go on to the next field without me, will you?" I called to him. "I'll walk down the road to the corner here."

He stood where he was. "Well!" he jerked out, and a thought struck him. "Not hurt, surely? We haven't fired—No? Well then——"

"I'll join you in the next field," I called to him again. "I'm going up the road."

He exclaimed something and turned back with the dog.

And Peggy walked slowly down the road. She stopped. She turned to the grass at the side, and stooped, and spread her frock; then she lifted the dead bird, placed it on the grass, and stood and turned away her head as I came.

"Oh, Peggy, if I had known you minded like that."

"I can't think how men can," said Peggy.

I could find no word to say to her. We stood there. I could find no word to say. She moved a step away from me, and stopped.

"Please will you——"

"What is it, Peggy?"

"Please forgive me for having hurt you."

"Oh, Peggy!" I cried to her. She turned and looked at me; she touched my hand, and I could not look at her. She left me; she went down the road, and I watched her, and I could not call to her, or follow her.

And then I knew what had happened. All these weeks that I had been watching the children in their home, joining in their childish joys and pleasures, thinking children's thoughts and wondering over children's ways: through that time there was being shown me, if I had had eyes to see it, all that the world holds of what men and children most rever-

ence—all that is in the spirit of a son, all for which in woman a man bares his head, and may look, if he dare, in his heart. And suddenly that morning, in that dusty road, it had been shown to me as it was. The door had been opened, I had seen the vision, and the vision and the glory remained with me—truth in a child's eyes, the mercy of womanhood, a star in blue heaven, shepherds in the fields.

Then I remembered where I was. And I knew that if there was one thing which I could not do it was to go back where I had come from with the same mind and the same purpose with which I had set out that morning. I wanted to be far away, I wanted to be able to think; I wanted to work. But to be able to leave at once I needed a reason, and I had no reason that would be accepted. There was nothing which could be more difficult for me than to go back and tell them all plainly why I wished to go; yet I could think of nothing else which would be easier. There were no possibilities in that lonely country-side, of sudden messages, telegrams recalling me to an office at a moment's notice; I had arranged for a certainty of absence only too carefully. And it was then that, idly remembering the work I had left in London, and thinking over the vaguest possibilities of alteration of times and duties, I pulled from my pocket the packet of unopened letters which had arrived that morning.

And in the first letter which I opened this was what I read:—

Dear Mr. Markwick.

I wonder whether you remember an occasion some three months ago on which you did me the honor of listening with patience to some suggestions which I made as to the proper method of opening and shutting an office door. I have lately had an idea—you will remember that ideas formed the subject of some of our conversation—that I should like to hear the office

door of the *Quadrant* shut again. The echoes which followed the bang with which Mr. Bruce Pinkett shut it have not proved wholly satisfactory, or it may be that the acoustic properties of the *Quadrant* office are at fault. At all events, if you would care to discuss with me your own idea of how an office door should be shut, I shall be very glad if you will give me your company at dinner to-morrow, Saturday night, at the Paragon, at half past seven o'clock.

I hear a word from Gisborne about a Saturday shooting party, and send this to the address he has given me. It is ill work spoiling any man's Saturday for him, but it happens that Monday afternoon will find a much harassed tradesman on his way to America, and in the circumstances perhaps you will feel able to pardon an interruption of your sport by yours very faithfully,

H. Bellinger.

"Good heavens!" I shouted.

I ran up the road, crossed the field I had left, ran to the next field, and saw Roderick's servant setting out lunch under a haystack. In a minute I was brandishing my letter; I never thought whether or not the news would surprise them, and I heard afterwards that the reason why they accepted the situation so readily was that they supposed that Peggy had brought me out the letter from the Grange. All I asked them was the time of the next train for London, and Roderick told me that there was only one which would help me, and that he doubted whether I could catch it. But I left my gun and ran, I found a groom in Roderick's stables, and I caught the train with three minutes to spare.

That evening at ten o'clock I rang the bell at Berkshire Gardens. I found Octavia waiting for Robert, who was at his club, and Octavia knew what had happened almost before I had come into the room.

"I've got my chance," I told her. "I've got my chance. It's the work

I want, and the work I mean to do, and the work I mean to get me what I want, to get me what I want to have and what I want to be. I've three years of it in front of me, and in three years I mean to be back again, or away again, with something done. It's the chance I've been hoping for all these months, all these years," I told Octavia.

"And you want me to keep the children safe and happy while you're away, is that it?" she asked me.

And I had nothing more to tell her than that, but something of what I wanted her to know I believe she understood.

"Go out into the world," she said, "and do what you hope most to do. And come back, when you do come back, with something won and with more to win. And God bless you," said Octavia.

And I went out into the night, and beyond the night I voyaged over the seas of the world.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The *Antinoan* lay by the quayside; it was a showery morning in October, and she was to sail at noon. We had spent the morning in wandering about the harbor and the docks, in looking at the shipping and in going over the *Antinoan* herself; Octavia and I and Peggy and the two boys, picked up from school by Octavia in her car, to Peggy's surprise and joy. She, very happy with her two brothers, had been shown by one of the *Antinoan's* officers very nearly all that was to be seen in the ship, from the engine rooms to the ship's bell, and Octavia and I had clambered about with them, or had stood talking on the decks, and found ourselves with little to say, silent as those of the same family may find themselves silent, when each knows the other very well. And soon before twelve o'clock the bugles blew on deck

after deck, the cranes lifted the gangways clear; the tug made fast at the bow, and the *Antinoan's* hawsers splashed one by one into the water. I had said good-bye to Octavia, and to Murray and Allen, and last I had said good-bye to Peggy, and she had given me her gentle thanks, and her wishes for my voyage. And now I stood on the deck, too far away to hear her speak again, with the lane of water widening between the ship and the quay. There on the quay, a little separate from the other groups of watchers, stood the children almost as I had seen them first at the Grange,

Peggy between her brothers, with her straight brows and her dark eyes; Murray and Allen waving their caps, and Peggy her white handkerchief; and I watched that little group as the ship swung further away, until the tug had drawn her almost clear from the harbor and its shipping, and the groups on the quay became merged and dim. The tug left us, the water churned under the ship's stern, the quay, the docks, the bright funnels of the waiting steamers grew fainter and more distant, and the *Antinoan* boomed her farewell to the gray harbor and stood out to sea.

(The End.)

Eric Parker.

VOCATIONALISM.

A new "ism" has been added to the vocabulary of educational discussion. The word "vocationalism" has been coined because no other term conveys exactly what it is intended to express. It is at least more definite in its connotation than "technical instruction," for which it is sometimes substituted. When, some thirty-five years ago, the movement in favor of technical education took shape, the purpose of the new departure was little understood, and it was by no means unusual to hear enthusiasts for practical instruction in schools urge the importance of "teaching technical education," as if it were some newly discovered language or branch of knowledge. What they really meant was that the instruction given in our schools should have some relation to the future occupation of the pupils, and this is what is now generally understood by the somewhat crude word "vocationalism." The term technical instruction was generally applied to the teaching incidental or preparatory to some skilled trade, some manufacturing employment, or other industry outside agri-

culture or commerce. The term "vocationalism" justifies its existence by indicating the kind of instruction proper to any occupation by means of which men and women may earn a livelihood; and the question we have to answer is whether, and if so, to what extent, the courses of study in our day-schools should be so framed as to embrace subjects that have direct reference to such occupations.

In this inquiry I am not now concerned with the teaching given in the evening classes of our technical institutions, nor with that provided in trade schools, of which some few have recently been established in London. In both the teaching is distinctly vocational. To meet the requirements of adult students attending evening classes in technology the instruction must have a very close reference to the trades or occupations in which the students are engaged; and, as regards trade schools, the very purpose of the instruction is to train the pupils in some special branch of industry, whether it be cabinet-making, upholstery, tailoring, or dressmaking.

Such schools may be regarded as apprenticeship schools, and where a sufficient number of pupils, in any district, are prepared to learn a particular trade, the schools are found to meet a recognized want. Equally distinct from the subject of this article is University education in any one of the faculties of medicine, law, divinity, or engineering. This, too, is vocational; but the methods of University instruction differ in many respects from those of school teaching, more particularly in the encouragement afforded and in the facilities provided for original investigation and research.

The subject of vocationalism, thus limited, has recently assumed importance owing to the proposals that are now being suggested for the better organization of our secondary education and to the promise of a comprehensive measure of educational reform, to be introduced this session into Parliament. That measure, it is generally understood, will deal very largely with secondary education, which has been described by some authorities as the pivot of any well-organized scheme of national education. It has also been stated that one of the objects of the proposed reforms is to widen the avenues leading from the lower to the higher grade schools, and to smooth the path along which aspirants for University education may tread. The changes vaguely indicated by Mr. Pease and by Viscount Haldane, one of whom speaks with authority as President of the Board of Education, and the other with hopeful expectations of the gain to industry and commerce from the better organization of our educational resources, will, we are told, include larger Treasury grants of money, a more equitable distribution of those grants, some much needed relief from the ever-increasing burden of the rates, and further State aid for improved school buildings. All such

help will be welcome, but, even if the means for such extensive changes can be provided, and they would need to be very large, the proposals must fail of their essential purpose, unless the teaching profession can be made more attractive to highly educated men and women who have a genius for teaching, and are capable of exercising that personal influence which is the most potent element of success.

From various different quarters we hear that, so far, our educational efforts have failed to justify the large outlay of public money, which is estimated at thirty million pounds per annum, and the administrative ability which has been expended upon those efforts. The statistics of pauperism are quoted to show that our social reforms, including free education of the masses, with free meals and medical attendance, have done very little permanently to improve the condition of the working classes. Two main causes are assigned for these apparently unsuccessful results—the character of the instruction given in our public elementary schools, and the early age at which children are exempt from educational influence. The opinion is now generally held that the teaching in our primary schools should be so modified as to afford a more fitting preparation for the practical work of life. It is also pointed out that the proportion of children who leave school at thirteen or fourteen years of age and receive no further instruction is unduly large, and to this cause is assigned the increase in the number of unskilled workers, who eventually swell the ranks of the unemployed and unemployable. These are matters deserving serious consideration. There is, too, some ground for the complaint that, whereas of late years improvements have certainly been effected in our scheme of primary instruction, our Board of Education,

partly owing to the increasing cost of education and partly to the traditional academic influence of those who are mainly responsible for its control, have failed to respond to the frequent appeals which have been made to them to give a sufficiently prominent place in the curriculum to handicraft instruction. The purpose of such instruction is not to teach any particular trade, but rather to create among the children of our elementary schools a bent for practical work, demanding taste and skill, thus enabling them to avoid what are known as "blind-alley" occupations. Employers are now generally agreed that the movement in the direction of practical teaching must be pushed further, and it is hoped that Local Authorities may succeed in urging upon the Board the paramount importance of making some form of manual training an obligatory subject in the school curriculum.

Nevertheless, when we compare the state of education now with what it was only a few years ago, we cannot fail to be struck with the improvements that have been effected. The Act of 1902, by throwing upon Local Authorities the responsibility of providing, or of assisting in providing, education of every grade and type, has aroused a measure of public interest in the subject which never previously existed, and, moreover, it has practically laid to rest the spirit of religious controversy, which so greatly impeded progress under the old School Board management. Those who tell us differently can have had very little experience of service on a Local Education Authority, and no first-hand knowledge of the devotion of its members to their work, of the ability they display, and of the absence of all political and religious bias in the discharge of the duties which they have voluntarily undertaken.

There still remains, however, a seri-

ous defect in our system which it may require legislation to remove. It has been frequently pointed out that there is a vast waste of educational effort, owing to the fact that children who leave school at an early age and go at once to work quickly forget the greater part of what they have learned, and are unfitted to profit by the facilities for specialized instruction which are now freely offered to them. Mr. Pease, in his recent speech at the Mansion House, stated that about 1,500,000 children are thus affected, and a strong appeal was made to employers to afford them facilities, during working hours, to attend Continuation Classes. It cannot be expected that children of fourteen years of age, after a long day's arduous work, will be fit to give full attention to evening studies, and it is essential that these children should have opportunities of further training during the day. The case is different with young people over sixteen years of age. With them the change from practical routine work to strictly intellectual pursuits may, indeed, help to quicken their capacity for scientific or literary studies. If the promised legislation can find a remedy for this acknowledged defect, without too seriously interfering with the exigencies of trade and commerce, it will undoubtedly be supported by all who are interested in the improvement of our educational machinery.

We are very often told that we lag behind Germany in our recognition of the value and importance of education in bettering the position of our working classes and in promoting our commercial and industrial interests. Those, however, who are personally familiar with the conditions of education in this country and have had opportunities of comparing it with what is being done in Germany, know that this is no longer the case. Some twenty years ago there may have been grounds for

such a statement. We in this country may be slow to grasp new ideas and to act upon them, but when once aroused we speedily overtake other countries who may have started in advance of us. Recently, there has been a growing and a very unfortunate tendency to look to Germany, the country *par excellence* of bureaucratic control, for guidance in educational, and indeed in many social reforms, but those who are so ready to institute comparisons, unfavorable to ourselves, between German and British institutions, too often overlook the different social conditions and traditional habits of the two peoples. It is true there are ideas underlying German systems of education and methods of instruction which have proved, and may still prove, helpful to us, but it is generally admitted by those who have had adequate opportunities of studying the German school system that we should be very ill-advised in attempting to transplant it wholly, or in part, to our own soil. In this view I am supported by Professor Sadler, who, in one of his valuable reports dealing with German schools, has pertinently said:

Much can be learned from a study of their methods and also from the scientific precision of their educational aims, but it is a different thing to argue that the best way to secure the future of British industry and commerce would be to imitate the German form of educational and academic organization. It is a large assumption to start with, that an educational system can be transferred from one country to another, as if it were a system of gas-lighting or electric traction. Moreover, the German system of education is but a part of their social order, and in order to make a true copy of it, it would be necessary to introduce into England a degree of State control which would not only be alien to our more recent traditions, but extremely unlikely to commend itself to English tastes.

What Professor Sadler has said in the passage I have quoted deserves to be most carefully considered by those who would advocate some adequate and comprehensive measure of educational reform in the hope that we should be thereby assimilating our present methods to some German ideal. There is much to appeal to the imagination of those who are for ever *cupidi rerum novarum* in the suggestion, that our Universities and schools fall of their purpose for want of that degree of continuity and co-ordination which may be essential to any national system of education. Whether we already possess what may be described as a national system of education has recently been disputed, but personally I should be prepared to admit that a system which covers the whole area of education and is largely supported and controlled by the State is national, and we should be on our guard lest any further nationalization of our schools, if accompanied, as it would be, by an increased measure of Government control, might not prove harmful. The realities underlying the ideas conveyed by the words "co-ordination" and "national system," or even "the scientific precision of educational aims," may be bought too dear and at too great a sacrifice of institutional and intellectual freedom.

It is our secondary education that has lent itself most easily to attack, as necessarily less strictly organized than any other part of our system. Only recently has it come under the supervision of the State, and no impartial observer can doubt that it is owing largely to the influence exercised by the Board, through their Principal Assistant Secretary of the Secondary Branch and his staff of experienced inspectors, that the teaching in our secondary schools has been in many ways improved, and made more accessible to large sections of the people.

Whatever may be the defects of our State-controlled elementary schools—and there are many directions in which improvements might be effected—recent legislation has certainly enabled larger numbers of the children trained in those schools to obtain instruction in schools of a higher grade. Whether we have shown sufficient wisdom in the arrangements made for the transfer of children from elementary to so-called secondary schools is still an open question. There are at present few, if any, qualified children to whom is denied the opportunity, if they desire it, of passing from the elementary to a higher grade of school. Unfortunately, however, of those to whom these advantages are offered there is still a large percentage who are unable to profit fully by the teaching they might receive. This is due to many causes, social and economic, but largely, no doubt, to the fact that the schemes of instruction provided in the schools to which these children are transferred are not sufficiently well adapted to the kind of work in which the great majority of them are likely to be subsequently engaged.

Whether the curriculum of the secondary school should have any special reference to the probable occupations of the pupils in attendance has become a matter of immediate practical importance, having regard to the increasingly large proportion of scholars occupying free places in our secondary schools, the circumstances of whose parents compel them to look upon the education of their children mainly from a utilitarian standpoint. We cannot expect our schools, State-aided as so many are, to maintain such high ideals as will satisfy the extreme advocates of what is called a liberal education. After all, we must remember that learning for its own sake, for the mere intellectual pleasure it affords, for the cultivation and improve-

ment of one's own mind, is a somewhat selfish and certainly a self-centred enjoyment. The enrichment of the mind is, of itself, an end worthy of attention and attainment, but the final aim of self-development should be to provide us with a mental, moral, and physical equipment that best fits us for complete living, and has some reference to our environment and to the general conditions in which we move and work. The education which we receive at school must, therefore, in the first place, be directed towards placing us in the most favorable position for earning our own livelihood. It is only when that object is secured that we can hope to gain the freedom and independence of thought and action that will enable us to devote our energies to altruistic pursuits, or even to the best means of enjoying our leisure in accordance with the bent of our own tastes and intellectual activities. To some extent, therefore, what we understand by "vocationalism" should influence the general courses of study provided in all our schools. This is almost a self-evident proposition. But the question now being considered, as affecting the organization of a complete national system of education, is the extent to which the vocational idea should affect the curriculum in secondary schools. Its urgency and importance have not been overlooked by our Board of Education. The *Memoranda on Teaching and Organization in Secondary Schools*, recently published, testify to the care and thought which the advisers of the Secondary Branch of the Board have given to a subject, the difficulty of which is partly due to the variety in the types and grades of school which have been generally regarded as secondary. Latterly, the word "Intermediate" is with advantage being substituted for secondary, as more cor-

rectly expressing the wide range of schools which the word is intended to cover. It includes every grade of education between that provided in the public elementary school and the University or Higher Technical Institution; and with a view to the avoidance of terms that seem to indicate class distinctions, it might be advisable, in future, to give to our elementary school the more expressive title of "Preparatory" school, as more clearly indicating the aim and purpose of the education which it is intended to provide.

The kind of instruction to be given in our preparatory schools is a matter of the highest importance, but it involves too many practical problems to be here considered. It is very doubtful, however, whether vocational teaching of a distinctly specialized character should form part of the instruction in those schools. The time is too limited and the difficulty of determining the future avocations of the children is insuperable. I have elsewhere¹ explained how, by making some form of handwork, differentiated in urban and rural districts, an essential part of the curriculum, and not, as now, an *extra* subject, the education provided in these schools might become a suitable preparation for subsequent vocational training. If, further, the size of the upper classes could be sufficiently reduced to enable the teachers to give more individual attention to each pupil, the capacities and intellectual aptitudes of the several children might be more carefully considered with special reference to their future work, and their fitness for higher education or for some particular industrial occupation might be more easily determined.

The question of the relation of vocationalism to the curriculum of Intermediate or Secondary Schools is

¹"The Book of School Handwork" (Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.).

one of much greater difficulty. In order to understand all that is involved in it we must remember that there is, and should be, considerable variety in the character of these schools. When Matthew Arnold, with such reiterated emphasis, urged us to organize our Secondary education, he scarcely realized the complexity of the elements which we were asked to co-ordinate. That difficulty has been duly recognized by the Board of Education in the Memoranda to which I have referred. Mr. Bruce, in his introduction, pertinently points out that

Secondary schools have a two-fold function. They provide a general preliminary education for those who aim at occupations or professions which require highly trained intelligence, and they are further responsible for the education of a very large number of pupils who leave school at or about the age of sixteen and at once enter upon a commercial industry or farming occupations;

and the Report further states:

The nature of the curricula which can be approved for schools will necessarily depend on the special circumstances of each particular case; that is, the previous education of the pupils, the nature of their home life, the length of time during which they will remain at school, and the occupations to which they will subsequently proceed.

It is satisfactory to note that the Board fully realize the importance of securing that variety, freedom, and elasticity in the organization of our Intermediate education which all teachers have strenuously advocated.

It is only by bearing in mind the diverse conditions that have to be observed in settling the curricula of these schools that any definite pronouncement can be made as to whether—and if so, to what extent—a vocational bias should be given to our Secondary education. Speaking generally, I should say that, as the leaving age of the

pupils of these schools advances, the necessity of any special instruction having a direct reference to the future occupations of the pupils recedes. It is in the lower grades of Intermediate schools that vocational teaching will prove most attractive and most valuable. On the other hand, in the higher-grade schools there should be different types of curricula varied according to certain fundamental differences in the intellectual aptitudes of the pupils. The arrangements suggested by the Board are in many respects similar to those that have been for many years adopted in Germany. In all the large German towns three types of higher secondary schools are provided. These are the *Gymnasium*, giving Greek and Latin instruction; the *Real-Gymnasium*, in which Greek is not taught; and the *Oberreal-Schule*, in which no classical instruction is provided, the time thus saved being devoted to modern languages, science, and mathematics. A somewhat similar classification is indicated in the Board's Memoranda, but they suggest that provision might be made in the same school for different curricula, by arranging for a uniform course of instruction in the lower forms of the school, and by offering alternatives in the upper divisions, these alternatives being (1) classics, including ancient history and the Greek Testament; (2) science and mathematics; (3) modern humanistic studies. The scheme here suggested is in many ways an improvement on that adopted in the German schools. Whether it can be fully developed in the same school, or whether it can be more efficiently organized in separate schools, is a question which must be left to be determined by each separate Local Authority. It will, however, be seen that the first of these alternatives corresponds to the *Gymnasium* type of school, the second to the *Oberreal-*

Schule, and third to the *Real-Gymnasium*. But the suggested curriculum of the Board in this third type is more educational, indicating a higher order of culture, than that provided by the German system.

In any proposals for the better organization of our Secondary education it would, I think, be highly undesirable to introduce a definitely vocational or professional bias into these alternative curricula. The education should be liberal in the correct meaning of that term—i.e. all the subjects should be taught and studied free from any direct reference to the subsequent occupations of the pupils. At the same time it should be understood that different courses of instruction, whilst corresponding to broad divisions of professional activity, may equally well provide a truly liberal education. Whilst it is essential that the teaching, even in the upper departments of these higher schools, should be general and not specialized, it is also important that it should be distinct from the kind of instruction proper to the University. In this opinion I am supported by the Board, who very clearly state:

Specialization proper to the upper part of a Secondary School is to be distinct from the specialization which is underlying and appropriate to a University, and it is the duty of the Board to secure that the higher work done in the schools, while constituting a proper preparation for University work, does not anticipate it either in the methods of study or in the nature of the curriculum.

The principle here enunciated is in general agreement with the suggestions of the Consultative Committee, who advocate "the acceptance of a clear line of demarcation between school and University studies, the school course being preparatory to the University course without anticipating it." With these opinions I entirely

concur; but they would seem to differ, to some extent, from those of the Commissioners on University education in London, who, in their Report, incidentally refer at some length to the organization of Secondary education and the curricula of Secondary Schools. As regards the preliminary studies of medical students in physics, chemistry, and biology, the Commissioners clearly state that such students should become familiar with the whole range of the conceptions with which these sciences are concerned; should appreciate and assimilate the methods by which they proceed; and should be trained in the technical knowledge and skill required for the employment of these methods,

but add "The best time and place for this instruction is the last two years of a good Secondary School course." At the same time they endorse the suggestion that the teacher of these subjects,

in order to awaken and sustain the interest of his students, will probably find it necessary to illustrate the application of the principles of the science he is teaching by selecting examples which have a bearing upon their future work.²

It cannot be denied that teaching, so illustrated, would be vocational in character and would anticipate the methods of study appropriate to University work. Moreover, it would be found practically impossible in any Secondary School, where the pupils may be destined for very different careers, to give instruction with so distinctly a professional bias.

In schools of a lower grade, where the leaving age of the pupils is fifteen or sixteen, new elements enter into the consideration of the question of vocational instruction. These schools are of very different types. There is the modern County Secondary School, which provides courses of instruction

somewhat similar to those of the old Grammar School, and there are various Intermediate Schools, some of which will be known as Junior or Lower Technical Schools. The curriculum in these Lower Technical Schools should have distinct reference to local requirements; but in both types of school the cardinal subjects indicated in Clause 1 of the Memoranda—English, mathematics, science, and drawing, and at least one other language, to which I would add some form of handicraft—should be taught. The time allocated to each of these subjects would vary in the different types of school. In the ordinary Grammar School type the teaching should be practical without being definitely vocational, and the curriculum should be so arranged as to admit in certain cases of the transfer of pupils to schools of a higher grade, whence they might easily pass to the University at or about the age of seventeen. Mr. Bruce, in his introductory remarks to the Memoranda, refers to the widespread conviction that

even the general education of boys and girls will gain in effectiveness if their work at school is to some extent brought into direct connection with their probable occupations in after life.

This might be the case if it were practicable, but much depends on the "extent" and more on the possibility of ascertaining "the probable occupations" of the pupils in after life. Where, however, such occupations can be ascertained, or are already determined, a vocational character may be given to the curriculum. The mental bias of the pupil is a consideration of the greatest consequence in determining the kind of education which he should receive. There are children who, at a comparatively early age, show a decided aptitude for practical work and very little for literary

²"Final Report," p. 104.

studies. They prefer *doing* to *reading*, and are found to be diligent, attentive and thoughtful when actively engaged on some kind of practical work. It is these children who should be drafted into the Junior Technical Schools.

One of the many difficulties of giving a vocational bias to any general school curriculum is that the tastes and mental aptitudes of children differ often very widely from those of their parents, and consequently the occupations of their parents cannot be taken as indicating the employment for which their children are best suited. For these reasons it is desirable in the ordinary Intermediate School that, whilst the methods of instruction in nearly all subjects should be practical in character, stimulating the activity and initiative of the pupil, the curriculum should be general and liberal.

For children who, on leaving the preparatory school, are at once able to obtain employment as apprentices or in any other capacity, it is very desirable that they should attend day classes for some hours in each week, and that employers should be required to afford facilities for such attendance. In many German towns there is found an excellent system of Continuation Schools, in which the young employees receive special instruction in the theory and practice of their trades, and continue at the same time their ordinary education. The schools are largely supported by the municipality and are under the direction of the employers engaged in the particular trades to which the instruction applies. Attendance at those schools is obligatory, but compulsion is practically unnecessary, seeing that the teaching provided in the school increases the value of the pupils' services to their employers. To meet the requirements of those engaged in different industries the number of schools in any one town must correspond to

the number of different industries therein practised. In Munich alone there are, I am informed, fifty-five Continuation Schools, each providing instruction in a separate trade, in addition to about a dozen others in which the teaching is not so fully specialized. Excellent as such a system is, it will be seen how difficult, if not impossible, it would be to imitate it in this country, and consequently how inapplicable is the example of Munich, so often quoted, to our own industrial conditions. Nevertheless, the problem of providing vocational training for children who go to work at the age of fourteen is an urgent one, and is the more difficult of solution seeing how important it is that the instruction should be given in the daytime rather than in the evening, when young people between the ages of fourteen and sixteen are generally too jaded to reap its full advantages.

From the foregoing necessarily incomplete statement it will be seen that no rule of universal application can be laid down as to the extent to which a vocational bias can be given to the teaching provided in any Secondary or Intermediate School. Experiments may be usefully tried by local authorities, with whom the responsibility for organizing secondary education in their localities must finally rest. The problem cannot be solved by educational theorists. Careful consideration must be given to the views of those who are practically acquainted with industrial requirements. Two general principles, however, may be accepted. (1) In the higher grade Secondary Schools, the courses of instruction, although they may be with advantage differentiated as suggested in the Board's Memoranda, should be distinctly liberal in character, without reference to any one branch of professional or industrial activity, and the instruction both as regards methods and aims should

not overlap University education. (2) In the lower-grade schools vocational teaching may with advantage be introduced, but whilst the character and extent of the teaching must depend on a variety of circumstances, it should always be associated with general education, and some provision should be made in the daytime for the further instruction, on strictly practical lines, of all children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

Philip Magnus.

Note.—Since the above was written, I have read the thoughtful and comprehensive *Report of the Unionist Social Reform Committee on Education*, The Nineteenth Century and After.

recently published by Mr. John Murray. With most of the conclusions of that Report, bearing on the subject to which this article refers, there will be general agreement. Before deciding, however, to make attendance at Continuation Classes obligatory on all children leaving school at the age of fourteen, we should carefully determine the character of the instruction to be provided in those classes, and the steps to be taken to secure efficient teachers. But our first efforts should be directed towards making our elementary teaching a more suitable preparation than now for vocational training.

P. M.

SOME MODERN ASPECTS OF PRAYER.

Renan spoke with prophetic insight when he said that if the nineteenth century were materialistic and sceptical, the twentieth would prove idealistic and believing. Signs of this change, the returning springtide in the spiritual world, are everywhere about us. If, as has been shrewdly remarked, an age is better known by the books which it writes than by those which it reads, the interests of the spiritual life are at last coming to their own. The two great problems which to-day engage the interest of thoughtful minds are the problems of prayer and immortality. Very significant is the fact that these questions are no longer in the hands of professional theologians only. They have surmounted all ecclesiastical barriers, and their most fruitful discussion is to be found among the psychologists, the ethical philosophers, and the scientific students of the history of religion. It is part of the consciousness of our time that though religion may have its roots in transcendent mysteries beyond the grasp of human imagination, it has its

phenomena in the visible order, affects our present well-being, bears upon life and happiness, and achieves results in mind and body which, without it, were impossible.

Within organized Christianity, the time-spirit is making itself felt. There are signs of a revival of a belief that is more than traditional in the reality and value of prayer. Here we may note the call for a revised Prayer-book which will more fitly represent our æsthetic needs and sociological aspirations, as well as our newer religious insights; the gatherings for informal prayer as a supplement to stated liturgical services; and, generally speaking, the larger place which prayer is beginning to occupy in the general Christian consciousness. But this practical interest in prayer is by no means confined to Church-going circles. We are witnessing to-day the rise of quasi-mystical and therapeutic cults in which prayer plays a conspicuous rôle. Among these there is, perhaps, none more curious and interesting than "The Fellowship of Silence and Meditation,"

which is calling many persons to prayer who have little or no interest in theological doctrines and Church customs. There are groups which meet at stated times for silent prayer, bound together only by their common belief in a spiritual world, and in the possibility of access to it, and after a half-hour of communing, without a word spoken, go their several ways. Not less notable is the fact that there are thousands who, though unable through some agnostic bias, to pray, yet sympathize with the remark of the sceptical physician in Miss Silber-rad's *Curapl*: "Prayer does make a difference. If I knew how, if I believed—oh, hang it! I'd give my right hand for a little more faith and a little less knowledge."

Our age is nothing if not biological. Every existing institution and practice must be viewed from the standpoint of life and its preservation. We cannot be said to understand the meaning or the value of any human propensity until we know its relation to man's claim on life. People are beginning to see that if prayer has survived, while many other primitive religious practices have perished, there must be some reason for this survival. It is obvious that if prayer had not satisfied a vital need, more or less successfully, it would long since have disappeared. The question to-day is not—Does prayer correspond to any reality? It is rather this—How are we to understand and practise prayer, so that the reality which it implies may be brought to bear most effectively upon our lives?

The first question on which something must be said is one of definition. What is prayer? We must distinguish this spiritual act from others, such as meditation and ecstasy, which may merge into, or emerge out of it, but which are not to be identified with it. Diderot's famous words testify to the

psychological need that gives birth to prayer, and yet do not constitute a prayer in the strict sense of the word: "Oh, God, I know not whether Thou art, but I will think as if Thou didst see into my soul, and I will act as if I were in Thy presence." Here we have a noble act of self-consecration, but no more. You cannot hold communion with a hypothetical Deity. Nor, again, can we give the name of prayer to such vague states as are described in these terms: "I do not think literally of the will of God, or of its guidance. I meditate on the work which I ought to accomplish best, and on the means of realizing it. In each of these periods of thought it seems to me that in some way I readjust myself to that which appears to be my duty. I confess to myself my faults, and I form new resolutions to master them. Frequently at such moments I begin to think of my friends. I make an inward effort to see their good sides, and, if they have any faults, to forget them."¹ The characteristic note of prayer is that it presupposes a spiritual Other, with whom we would hold communion. The influx of energy, the various feelings of peace, poise, invigoration, æsthetic satisfaction, and contemplative enjoyment are often accompaniments of various mental exercises, and are, therefore, not peculiar to prayer. What is peculiar is that in the act of prayer we turn ourselves to Another whose fellowship we would enjoy, whose help we would seek, or whose forgiveness we would ask. Prayer is thus the expression of the social character of consciousness. Hence, we must get rid of the popular conception that prayer is a rigid mechanical process whereby a man goes to God and asks for a definite, concrete boon. Is the gift bestowed? The prayer is answered. Is

¹Quoted (from an unpublished manuscript) in Leo's "Étude Psychologique sur la Prière," p. 4.

the gift withheld? The prayer passes unheard. Such a notion is the mere survival of primitive superstition. We are to find in prayer, as Dr. Illingworth remarks: "The affirmation of our social nature and its only adequate end in unison with the absolute and permanent source of all society. Its human analogue is not petition, but intercourse with a friend. Primarily, we desire such intercourse as an end in itself simply because our friend is our friend, and the fact of converse with him manifests and satisfies our friendship." Prayer is thus not a monologue, but a dialogue, a converse, a communion. Hence, with the idea of prayer, the idea of God is intimately bound up. What kind of a God is He to whom we would pray? Has He personal attributes? Is He an impersonal energy, an infinite reservoir of forces? On the basis of the former doctrine we can have prayer; on the basis of the latter, we may have a prayer-like attitude and even some of the benefits of prayer, but hardly prayer itself. The pantheist can meditate, and by his meditation can feel himself at one with the infinite life of the Universe. But only he who believes that there is a higher Presence who sees him through and through and can make response to his approach may be said really to pray. In the praying consciousness God must be personalized, though in thus personalizing Him, reflection may testify that we are making use of symbolic imagery.

The question which multitudes are asking to-day is: What can religion do for us? What is its value for life? Especially do they put this question in connection with prayer which, as Sabatier says: "is religion in act, that is real religion." Now prayer is either practical, capable of doing things, or it is absurd or even ridiculous. Either

"The Christian Character," pp. 125-126.

it means unspeakable blessedness, enlargement of life, release of psychic energies hitherto bound fast, a real increase in spiritual power, or it is vanity and emptiness. Prayer is thus seen, as a matter of cold scientific fact, to have an important bearing upon character. Like morality or art, it is a factor in the formation of human personality. Other things being equal, the praying man has a unity of life, and a corresponding forcefulness of character to which the non-praying man can lay no claim. As William James remarks: "In few of us are functions not tied up by the exercise of other functions. Relatively few medical men and scientific men can pray. Few can carry on any living commerce with God. Now many of us are well aware of how much freer and abler our lives would be were not such important forms of energizing sealed up by the critical atmosphere in which we have been reared. There are in every one potential forms of activity that actually are shunted out from use. Part of the imperfect vitality under which we labor can thus be easily explained." It is a matter of history that men who have really prayed have also been men of unusual force of character. One cannot conceive that Martin Luther, or General Gordon, or Mr. Gladstone would have been the men they were, or would have left the mark they did, had they not been men of prayer. The Master of prayer seems to have been most impressed by its quality as an energizing principle in human nature. There has come down to us a great mystical saying of His which bears every mark of authenticity: "This kind goeth not out save by prayer." In other words, something happens which would not happen but for prayer. Prayer, then, is a cause. It operates in the world of facts. It works like

"Energies of Men," p. 34.

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other substantial realities of experience. In the ethical region it has power to transform character, making bad persons good, and turning the conventionally good into heroes and heroines of the spirit. There is not a mission hall in the slums of any of our great cities which cannot boast of the moral achievements of prayer, some of them dramatic and spectacular enough. Under the influence of mystic contact with the Unseen, sinful habits fall away from men and women, and their lives are lifted to new planes of experience, where even the face of Nature seems transfigured as with an ideal glory. Unsuspected spiritual possibilities leap into activity, and the subjects of this wonderful experience speak of themselves henceforth as "twice-born men." In psychological language the social relation implied in prayer is realized, and a larger and better self than the self hitherto known has become a fact.

Now, while many religious thinkers magnify the power of prayer in the purely ethical or spiritual region, they fight shy of recognizing its validity in any other sphere of human experience. One of the living issues in religion, at the present time, is the relation of prayer to disease. It is a scandal to modern theology that it has never seriously grappled with this problem. The whole region covered by the influence of spiritual forces on diseased or disordered states, has become the almost exclusive preserve of crack-brained enthusiasts, of charlatans, conscious and unconscious, with the result that thoughtful and self-respecting men dismiss the phenomena as the product of "suggestion," and therefore as having no connection with spiritual religion. And yet the facts remain that Christ appeared in the double capacity of Teacher and Healer, that His disciples followed His example, and went forth,

casting out demons, as well as preaching the Gospel, that for three centuries the Church gained her most signal victories, as Dr. Harnack has brilliantly shown in his *Expansion of Christianity*, because of her startling achievements in the healing of the psycho-physical miseries of the ancient world, and, finally, that among the great men of the Christian religion, the very greatest did not hesitate to find in prayer a weapon strong against disease, as against sin and vice. A belief shared by such men as St. Paul, Augustine, Origen, Francis of Assisi, Luther, Swedenborg, and John Wesley cannot be dismissed as an unhappy accretion to Christianity which must be apologized for as the product of an overstrained enthusiasm. We really ought to ask—What is the irrationality in this use of prayer? If the aim of prayer be, as has been said, the construction of a larger, stronger, and more harmonious self, and if there are states of mind, habits, partly mental and partly physical, which make for weakness, dissociation, and unrest, must not prayer in achieving its aim abolish these? There are forms of disorder which are not primarily affections of the body but of the soul, miseries and disorders of the mind, invasions of personality, stresses so poignant that only the power of the spiritual world, meditated through prayer, avails to quell them, and to restore inner harmony and integrity. A cogent illustration is that of alcoholism. The most recent investigations assert that we have here primarily not a physical disease, but a psychic disorder, a serious affection of the self which paralyzes the energies that make possible the spiritual life. In the alcoholic we have a problem that is fundamentally psychological and ethical, and only in a very minor degree physical. What the alcoholic needs is a different self, and the estab-

lishment of this different self is the function of prayer.

The rise of the new psychology, with its emphasis on the importance of the subconscious, has thrown light upon the mechanism by which prayer, considered as a mental event, operates. In prayer we surrender ourselves to One hollower and mightier than we. This self-surrender means the giving up of conscious concentrated effort and the falling back upon the energies of the subconscious factor in our mental life. This involves a change of mental attitude. Now, let the new attitude be motivated by the thought that He to Whom we resign ourselves is the embodiment of all our ideal hopes and aspirations, and with the self-surrender there comes a sense of quiet, of rest, of satisfaction—the feeling which the mystics describe as the settling of the soul in peace. "When," says Brother Lawrence, "God finds a soul permeated with a living faith, He pours into it His graces and His favors plentifully. Into the soul they flow like a torrent; which, after being forcibly stopped against its ordinary course, when it has found a passage, spreads with impetuosity its pent-up flood." In other words, unity takes the place of anarchy. The dissociated states of consciousness are harmonized, and the misery and wretchedness of a divided self gradually vanish away.

The question, formerly so much debated: Are the effects of prayer merely subjective, or are they objective as well?—has assumed a new form. The truth is that the subjective and the objective cannot be separated as though the material world were a closed circle, whereas, as all the higher thought of our time assures us, it is penetrated through and through by spirit, and more especially is this true of the matter which in our own physical organism lies closest to human consciousness. Prayer creates the new

self, but the new self does not live in a vacuum. It, in turn, creates the new environment, both as regards the physical organism and the world around, and thus it comes about that objective changes take place which would not have taken place, but for the intervention of the spiritual state induced by prayer.

But if prayer can bring these great things to pass, why do so many persons complain that they have prayed for years, and yet have derived no appreciable good? Here we come face to face with the problem of unanswered prayer. A complete solution of this problem is not possible, for all the factors in the problem are not known to us. But at least we can see this—that there is a right and a wrong way of praying; that prayer, like any other phenomenon, is under certain laws without obedience to which no result follows, nothing is done; that it is certain that all men pray at some time or other of their lives, for even the most frivolous natures, in the presence of some heart-shaking disaster, are stripped bare of all pretence and catch a glimpse of reality; yet it remains true that prayer is an art, and like every other art demands knowledge of its methods—if one may say so, of its technique. There is, first of all, the law of limitation. Prayer is not an omnipotent energy over-riding all other energies, a mere exercise of magic whereby we gain our desires simply for the asking, without any regard to the nature of the desire or the method of the request. For example, modern science has graven deep on our minds the fact that the world is governed by general laws which never break faith with us. "I bless God," said Rousseau, "but I pray not. Why should I ask of Him that He would change for me the course of things, do miracles in my favor—I, who ought to love, above all, the

order established by His wisdom and maintained by His providence—shall I wish that order to be dissolved on my account? As little do I ask of Him the power to do well. Why ask what He has already given?" Now it is true that God does govern the Universe by general laws. The regularities of heaven and earth are but the modes of the Divine action. Harshly as these laws at times bear upon the individual, without them a Universe would be inconceivable. We should have a chaos, not a cosmos, and the perfecting of the human spirit would be a hopeless task. Therefore, true prayer does not aim at setting aside any of the universal rules that govern the solid framework of Nature. Its function here is to calm the mind, uplift the heart, and impart the grace of endurance. Why should gravitation cease to operate because we pray? Why should the sun shine or the rain fall in obedience to our behest? But even within the sphere of the personal life there are limitations to the power of prayer. Providence puts burdens upon us which prayer is powerless to remove. There are handicaps in the race of life, and we must bear them to the end. Must we, then, say that prayer is valueless? On the contrary, it turns its limitations into a glory, for it gives power to the soul to triumph over its weakness and to find through its very trials a larger vision and a grander world.

Then there is a law of limitation in regard to the objects prayed for. "It would be," said Professor Hermann, "a shameful misuse of prayer if trifles which have really no significance for our inner life were to be made the objects of our prayers." The end and aim of prayer is the development within us of a better self, and anything which does not bear upon this devel-

opment has no place in genuine prayer. Rousseau is right when he limits the working of prayer by the laws of the physical world. He is wrong when, in the moral and spiritual sphere, he throws man back upon the exercise of his natural powers; for we know that through fellowship with God in prayer there come reinforcement to our moral energies and a steadier hold upon moral realities. Then, again, the same type of prayer is not suited to all our moods. When in the full tide of physical and mental health, our prayers will naturally come under the psychological law of attention. There is nothing arbitrary about this law. Just as the student must arrest certain thoughts that float along the stream of consciousness, hold them up, as it were, to his mental eye, and regard them in their various relations, that out of them he may build a coherent system of ideas, so in the spiritual realm he who would achieve anything by prayer must have his mind intent upon the subject matter of his prayer. But there are other moods, when the law of concentration must give place to the law of relaxation. There are hours of sickness or depression or discouragement, when the wheels of being run slowly and the Universe is draped in sombre hues; then it is not mental activity but relief from activity that is needed; yet not mere cessation of consciously directed thought, but rather the quiet, restful realization of a Presence which brings peace, rest, and a sense of well-being. Thus in prayer do we escape from our own sick, weary, and contracted self to a self radiant in health and strength and beauty.

What now of the future of prayer? Along what lines should its investigation move? To begin with, we need a greater amount of expert testimony. Those who have become more or less masters of the art should set down

⁴ Communion of the Christian with God," p. 121.

their experiences, the methods they have employed, and the result they have won. It is true that one recoils from laying bare the sacred intimacies of the soul, but only thus can progress be made in the most difficult of all arts. Still further, we need a careful scientific record of the observed phenomena of prayer, psychological and ethical, especially in the field of moral therapeutics. Along with this would go a better knowledge of the laws which govern prayer, and of the moral and physical limits within which it operates. Everyone knows the disappointments of unanswered prayer. Why is it that out of the myriad of prayers we are continually raising up, such a large proportion miss the mark?

The Contemporary Review.

What are the principles obedience to which would prevent the waste of so much spiritual energy? Lastly, a better acquaintance with the possibilities of social prayer would be of value in the culture of the spiritual life. We know that under certain conditions psychic phenomena of a sufficiently puzzling character can be produced, when a few like-minded persons meet together for the purpose. Why should not spiritual phenomena, a greater enthusiasm of humanity, a larger measure of power, a greater consciousness of dominion over the world, and an increased sense of victorious energy against evil of every kind, be the every-day experience of men who do not merely repeat prayers, but who really pray?

Samuel McComb.

"BROTHERS-IN-ARMS."

(The scene is Sir Arthur Fairford's library in Collingham Gardens, S. Kensington, and the time late on a December afternoon. The room is dark, and Sir Arthur, in his dressing-gown and black silk skullcap, lies asleep in an armchair by the fireside, his hands peacefully crossed on a stick. He is eighty-six, with a small hooked nose and a trim white moustache; a little bent and frail, but by no means senile.)

A motor-lorry rumbles past. Then Sir Arthur moves uneasily and gradually wakes; stares in front of him, blinks, rubs his nose.)

Sir Arthur. Hullo! (Looks about him vaguely.) I must ha' dropped off. Don't often do that, in the daytime.—Wonder what o'clock it is? (Sounds repeater watch.) Quarter to six!—Look at that now! (Finds electric-bell cord at his elbow and rings; then settles himself in chair, staring placidly in fire with hands on stick.) I've been fast asleep. Dreaming.—Old times.

Old times, in India. (As Cokayne, his butler, enters:) That you, Cokayne?

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Evening paper come yet?

Cokayne. Not yet, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (grunts; then, half aside:) Now what the deuce else did did I ring for? (Looks up at Cokayne, puzzled.) Something I wanted to ask you.

Cokayne. Your pipe, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur. No, thank you; won't smoke any more just yet. It wasn't that.

Cokayne. Fire's getting rather low, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (placidly). Don't touch it. Nice red glow. Like an Eastern sunset. (Guiltily:) Fact is, I've been asleep, Cokayne.

Cokayne. Do you good, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (chuckling). Hope so. That was the ideah! (Front-door bell rings.) Hullo! Front-door bell? Six o'clock?

Cokayne. Will you see anyone, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur. Well, I don't know. Who d'you think it's likely to be?

Cokayne. Mr. George; or might be Mr. Frank, Sir Arthur. It's about their time, coming home from the City.

Sir Arthur (resigned). Well, show them up.

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (with hands on stick, staring into fire). Master George, or Master Frank, eh? Come to find out why the dickens their poor dear old uncle ain't dead yet. (*Mildly:*) Oh, shame to say that! They're good fellows, both of 'em; but I suppose they must sometimes think of it. (*Chuckles.*) I know I should! (*Calls over his shoulder, as Cokayne re-enters:*) Well? Who is it?

Cokayne (announces). Sir Thomas Arkle, Sir Arthur.

(*Sir Thomas follows him in; a tall, thin, frail old man of ninety-one, muffled up in a greatcoat and wrapper. His face is fresh-colored, with a white moustache, old-fashioned mutton-chop whiskers, and a good deal of white hair.*)

Sir Arthur (twists himself round in chair, astonished, while Cokayne helps Sir Thomas out of coat and wrapper). Tom? Tom Arkle? What the devil are you doing out at this time o' night?

Sir Thomas (pipes cheerily). Oh, I don't know. Why not? Come to see you.

Sir Arthur (touched). That's very good of you. Delighted to see you. Delighted! (*As Sir Thomas comes down to him, rather unsteadily and waveringly, and shakes hands heartily:*) Sit you down, old boy; sit you down.

Sir Thomas. Thank 'ee. (*Sits the other side of the fireplace.*)

Sir Arthur. Make yourself at home.

Oh, by the way—Cokayne! (*Sees that Cokayne has gone, finds bell cord and rings.*) Excuse me one moment, Tom. I knew there was something.—Had your tea?

Sir Thomas. Yes, thank 'ee. Long time ago. (*Puts hand up to shield off firelight.*)

Sir Arthur (as Cokayne re-enters). Cokayne, I knew there was something. Have you sent again to ask how poor Lady Macallan is?

Cokayne. Not since lunch, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Well, you might just send some one round there before dinner. My compliments.

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (sighs heavily). She's very bad, I'm afraid, Tom.

Sir Thomas. Who is?

Sir Arthur. Poor dear old Lady Macallan.

Sir Thomas (mechanically). Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. (*Puts up both hands.*)

Sir Arthur. What's the matter? Fire too much for you?

Sir Thomas (querulously). Well, it's rather trying; coming in out of the street.

Sir Arthur (rising). Wait a minute, old boy; wait a minute. (*Soothingly:*) I'll do it for you. I'll manage it. I'll look after you. (*Places screen between Sir Thomas and fire.*) That better?

Sir Thomas. Yes, thank 'ee. You see, Arthur, it's my eyes are so weak.

Sir Arthur. Bad job. Bad job! (*As he resumes seat:*) And how are you other ways, old friend? All right?

Sir Thomas. Pretty well. Considering Anno Domini. (*Explodes:*) If I could only sleep!

Sir Arthur (suspiciously). How much sleep d'you get?

Sir Thomas (garrulously). Oh, well, I go upstairs about ten; soon after

ten; after a game or two of patience, y' know. Depends if I get the damn'd thing out.

Sir Arthur. Just so!

Sir Thomas. Then I potter round till about twelve; one thing and another; getting straight. Hop into bed about half-past; read till two—

Sir Arthur (bluntly). When d'you wake up?

Sir Thomas. About eight. As a rule.

Sir Arthur. That's not so bad. Six hours!

Sir Thomas (vacantly). So much as that?

Sir Arthur (half aside). More than I ever get, by a long chalk. (*Aloud:*) But what beats me is your coming out at this time o' night. You didn't come alone? (*On Sir Thomas' silence:*) Did you?

Sir Thomas (leans forward, with hand to ear). Didn't I do what?

Sir Arthur (loudly). I say—you didn't come here alone?

Sir Thomas (mildly). No, no. My boy Fairfax brought me. The General.

Sir Arthur. Why wouldn't he come up?

Sir Thomas. That's more than I can tell you. (*Sinks back in chair.*)

Sir Arthur. Long time since you've been out like this, after dark, in the winter? Isn't it? (*Silence. Aside, fretfully:*) Oh dear! Oh dear! How deaf he is! Well, it ain't worth repeating. (*Sinks back in chair. Long silence.*)

Sir Thomas. And how are you, Arthur? Eh? Pretty fit? (*Leans forward.*)

Sir Arthur. Splendid! Walked twice round the gardens here, yesterday. That's all!

Sir Thomas. You did?

Sir Arthur. Yes, sir. Like a Trojan. Sitting down a bit, y'know, half-way. Resting. (*Struggles to his feet.*) Wait

a minute; I'll show you something. I'll show you something, my boy; make your hair curl. (*Finds stick and shooting seat combination, and brings it down to Sir Thomas.*) There, old friend; what d'you think of that?

Sir Thomas (looks at it, and then up at him, puzzled). What is it?

Sir Arthur (with immense pride). It's a Seat.

Sir Thomas. Oh? (*Peers at it.*) How d'you open it?

Sir Arthur. Perfectly simple. You press a spring—here. (*Presses spring; nothing happens. Aside:*) Well, I'm shot! Worked all right in the shop. (*Aloud:*) D'you like it?

Sir Thomas (peers at it). First-rate. (*Looks up at him, puzzled.*) Only I don't see what there is to sit on.

Sir Arthur (vexed). Sit on? Don't I tell you?—You press a spring! (*Tries again to make it work, and fails.*)

Sir Thomas (watching him closely). Oh, I see. You press a spring.

Sir Arthur. That's all.

Sir Thomas. But what d'you want it for? Plenty of seats in the gardens here, ain't there?

Sir Arthur. Yes, but they're so damp; this time o' year. I went and sat on one of 'em yesterday; without thinking of what I was doing, y'know. Consequence was I had to come straight in and change my bags. So I went off and bought this, at the Stores.

Sir Thomas. I see. (*Watching him trying to make it move.*) Won't it open?

Sir Arthur (irritably). Of course it opens! Don't I keep on telling you? You simply press a spring. There's the spring. Can't you see?

Sir Thomas (mildly). Oh, I see! Capital.

Sir Arthur (aside). Damn'd thing! I'll take it back to-morrow. Worked all right in the shop. (*Replaces it in the corner, in disgrace.*)

Sir Thomas (aside). Stoopid sort of thing, to go and buy! Just like him. *(Takes out large handkerchief and blows his nose noisily, as Sir Arthur brings him large library book off table.)*

Sir Arthur. By the way, Tom—have you read that? Duke o' Devonshire's life? Hartington?

Sir Thomas (peers at it in firelight). No. Is it amusing?

Sir Arthur (grimly). It isn't exactly amusing. But, begad, it's rather an eye-opener. *(As he resumes seat:)* There was one thing in it did rather amuse me, though. Now, where is it? I marked it. *(Finds place.)* Oh, here you are. Now listen to this, my boy; just you listen to this. *(As Sir Thomas leans forward with hand to ear:)* Do you know the chief reason those wisecracks in the Government gave, in '84, for not trying to rescue poor Gordon sooner? At Khartoum?

Sir Thomas. No. Can't say I do.

Sir Arthur (with immense scorn). They thought it would be too hot!

Sir Thomas (puzzled). Too hot? Up the Nile?

Sir Arthur. No, not up the Nile. But if they took the short cut; went across from Suakim. Took the Berber route. They thought the men couldn't stand it!

Sir Thomas (mechanically). Good Gad!

Sir Arthur. Too hot, eh? Fancy, if we'd said that, old friend, in the Mutiny? Too hot to relieve Lucknow, eh? Too hot to take Delhi? Too hot to go and smash that devil Nana Sahib at Cawnpore! Did you ever hear such wicked nonsense? Those political fellows ought to be shot, Tom; that's my opinion. What do you think?—Eh?—Makes my blood boil!

Sir Thomas (scratching his head; vaguely). It was something to do with the Mutiny I wanted to see you about.

Sir Arthur. Should like to have

heard the women on that subject; if we'd told them it was too hot! Eh? Wonder what they'd have said in England, in '57, if we'd asked them to be kind enough to wait a bit—till the cold weather!—because it was too hot for the poor dear British soldier to fight. *(Horried:)* Why, they'd all have been dead before we could have got at 'em! Like poor Gordon was! *(Growling to himself:)* Infernal, pettifogging rascals!—Wasting time!—Dragging boats!—Yah!—Now, where's my pipe gone? *(Twists round, searching irritably for pipe.)*

Sir Thomas (puzzled; leans forward). Arthur—who was it you told me was so ill just now?

Sir Arthur (stops looking for pipe). Ill?—Dying, you mean, Tom.—Lady Macallan?

Sir Thomas. Ah! Lady Macallan. Disagreeable, backbiting old woman she is, too! Tell me—what was her name again?—before?—

Sir Arthur. Maiden name?

Sir Thomas. Ah!

Sir Arthur. Flora Saltire.

Sir Thomas (half aside). That's the name; that's the name; Flora Saltire. Of course! *(Takes letter out of breast pocket.)*

Sir Arthur. What of it?

Sir Thomas. Arthur, old boy—tell me—you mustn't mind me asking you;—but weren't you at one time rather sweet on her? Years ago, in India. As a young chap?

Sir Arthur (mildly). You ought to know that, Tom.

Sir Thomas. Ought I? How?

Sir Arthur. Considering I gave you a letter for her, asking her to marry me. I told you all about it.

Sir Thomas (vacantly). Dooce you did! When?

Sir Arthur. When we were before Delhi, in August, '57. Don't you remember? *(As Sir Thomas shakes his head:)* Why, God bless my soul, Tom,

you haven't forgotten your famous ride, have you, into Allghur? (*Sees letter.*) What have you got there? Let's have a look.

Sir Thomas. Wait a moment, Arthur. Tell me something about it, first. I'm ninety-one, you know; my memory's pretty well done for. Tell me about it. Slowly.

Sir Arthur (explains). You volunteered to ride into Allghur, to bring up the Fusiliers.

Sir Thomas (vaguely). Rather a dangerous business, wasn't it?

Sir Arthur. Rather! We all thought you ought to have had the Victoria Cross, old boy.

Sir Thomas (annoyed). So I ought. —Well?

Sir Arthur. Flora Saltire was there, in Allghur, at the time. So I asked you to take the letter for me.

Sir Thomas (stupidly). What about?

Sir Arthur (hurt). What about? 'Pon my soul, Tom!—

Sir Thomas. Yes, I know. But if you don't mind telling me, exactly. What did you want to write to her about? Besides love-making. Anything important?

Sir Arthur. What d'you want to know that for? Ain't it enough?—Surely!—

Sir Thomas. I'll tell you, in one moment. Go on; don't be shy.

Sir Arthur (puts up hand, to keep firelight off his face). Well, if you must know—I told her that at any moment I might get knocked on the head, and in that case I wanted her to know how fond I was of her. Always had been, from the very first.

Sir Thomas. Ah?

Sir Arthur. If I got through all right—and she cared—I hoped she'd marry me. I asked her to.

Sir Thomas (nods). I see!

Sir Arthur. If I didn't—if I got killed—I wanted her to know—I hoped she'd never forget—(*pauses; then*

breaks off with gesture). Ah—well!—

Sir Thomas (unfeelingly). Whole bag o' tricks, eh?—Well? That all? Anything else?

Sir Arthur. Only that if she didn't care for me, didn't think she ever could, I told her not to answer, and I should understand. She never did answer. So, you see, here I am. All by myself. An old bachelor. (*Rouses himself.*) Now then; what is it you've got there?

Sir Thomas (takes out glasses to look at envelope). Why, that's just the odd part of it.

Sir Arthur (agitated). Good God, Tom! That isn't her answer, is it? After all these years? You didn't forget to give it me?

Sir Thomas (cheerfully). Half a minute, old boy; half a minute! Fact is, I only found this just now, this afternoon. I was pottering about after lunch, tearing up old letters; one thing and another; and I found this, stuck fast at the bottom of an old riding-bag. Thing I hadn't looked at for years; didn't even know I possessed. "Miss Flora Saltire?" I said. "Now who the dickens is Miss Flora Saltire?" Fairfax was with me at the time; or, rather, came in to tea; my boy Fairfax, the General. You know him, don't you? The one that got the V.C. in Zululand. "Fairfax," I said, "who the dooce is Miss Flora Saltire? Whose writing is it? What's it all mean?"

Sir Arthur (aside, bitterly). Mean?

Sir Thomas. Fairfax said it looked like your fist. So I thought I'd better come round with it. If you wrote it. (*Holds out letter.*) So there you are. (*After a pause, Sir Arthur rises, takes letter, and going slowly to the table turns up the electric lamp and looks at the envelope.*) It is your fist, isn't it? That's the one, I suppose? The letter you gave me?—Eh?—Arthur?

Sir Arthur (after a pause). But you

don't mean to tell me you simply forgot all about it?

Sir Thomas. Looks like it, don't it? (*Rising.*) Good job, too, my boy—for you! Considering the vile temper she's developed. Just think what I saved you from. Damn it all, Arthur; you ought to double my pension!

Sir Arthur (fiercely). I say, Tom, you didn't do this on purpose, did you? It wasn't for any scheme of your own?—

Sir Thomas (cheerfully). Not a bit of it, old boy; good Gad, no! Not for one single moment. Fact is, I must have clean bang forgot it. I'd a good many other things to think of, you know. Important things, of my own.

Sir Arthur. But don't you remember that when we met again, after your illness—

Sir Thomas (uneasily). When was that? What illness?

Sir Arthur. After the Mutiny. When we all met again, at Folkestone.

Sir Thomas. What of it?

Sir Arthur. Why, you told me you'd given her the letter, and that so far as you knew there was no answer. Nor any ever intended.

Sir Thomas. Don't see how I could have done that. Never could have said that, Arthur.

Sir Arthur. But you *did* say it!

Sir Thomas (fretfully). No, no, I couldn't. It wouldn't have been true. Anyway, whether I said it or not, you've had a lucky escape, my boy, from *that* old woman. Bitter old termagant. Why, they tell me the life she led poor old Jack Macallan was a hell upon earth, sir; a hell upon earth! That's what it was.

Sir Arthur (turns on him, fiercely). Was it? And d'you know why? Because her own life was spoilt; because she was disappointed, and unhappy; because she wasn't with me; because we loved each other!

Sir Thomas (startled). Arthur?

Sir Arthur. That's what you've done, Tom Arkle; you've parted us; parted us, with your infernal, callous, selfish carelessness; you, who forgot my letter, because you'd other things, more important, of your own, to think of!—My God! It's too cruel!—to think that but for you—all these lonely years!—

Sir Thomas (recovering his assurance). I say!—Hold hard, my good fellow, hold hard; you're going a bit fast, ain't you? After all, even if she'd had your letter, you don't know that Miss Whatsername would ever have married you. She might have said "No, thank 'ee. Rather not."

Sir Arthur. Never have married me? When I've so often seen the look in her eyes that always puzzled me; the reproachful question—"Why did you never speak? Why did you never come back, and tell me that you loved me?"

(*Bitterly.*) Never have married me? Now that I know all; that I understand, at last? And it's all been your doing! (*Advances on him, savagely.*) By heaven, Tom! old as I am, I've half the mind to drag you there, to ask her pardon!

Sir Thomas. Arthur!

Sir Arthur (gradually losing self-control). All your life it's always been the same. I'll tell you now; you've never thought, all your life, of anyone but yourself. That's what you owe your success to; we know that, your old friends! That's what's earned you your rank, your honors, your nickname. Selfish Tom Arkle! Selfish Tom Arkle! (*With face close to his and hands on his collar, he shakes him.*) Why, even your children, the sons you're so proud of—Selfish Tom Arkle!—d'you know what they say?—

Sir Thomas (feebly, through Sir Arthur's outbreak, defends himself.) No, no, Arthur!—old boy!—for God's sake—don't—(*Stumbles back fainting and falls into armchair.*)

Sir Arthur (after a pause, frightened). Tom? (Bends over him.) Tom! Why, he's fainted! If I haven't killed him! *(Seizes bell-pull, rings and calls:)* Cokayne! Cokayne! *(Returns to him.)* Tom, old boy; Tom; what is it? What's the matter with you? Tom! *(As Cokayne enters quickly:)*

Cokayne. Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur. Something's wrong with Sir Thomas, Cokayne. Get me the brandy. He's fainted. *(As Cokayne goes quickly to table and pours out brandy:)* Sit up, old boy; sit up. Here, let me undo your collar for you. Be quick, Cokayne; the brandy. *(Takes glass from him.)* Here—now then—drink this. Drink this, old boy. Down with it. Never mind your tie. *(Makes him drink.)*

Cokayne. What sent him off, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur (querulously). I don't know. My talking to him, I suppose. My stupid nonsense. *(Watching him anxiously.)* That better? Old boy? Tom?

Cokayne. He's coming round, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (aside, kneeling by the armchair, drops head, much affected). Thank God! Thank God! I thought I'd killed him! *(Pause.)*

Sir Thomas (feebly). Hullo! What is it? What's up? What's gone wrong? *(Looking about him vaguely, sees Sir Arthur as he rises.)* Arthur? Why—why—this is your place, isn't it? What am I doing here?

Sir Arthur (cheerfully). Just what I was going to ask you. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

Sir Thomas. What for?

Sir Arthur. What for? Why, for fainting.

Sir Thomas (puzzled). Fainting? Fainting? What did I want to faint for?

Sir Arthur. Cussedness, old friend;

pure cussedness. Because you will come out at night, wandering about the streets. *(Checks him as he tries to rise.)* No, you don't. You sit quiet a bit; rest yourself. Finish your brandy.

Sir Thomas (childishly, looks up at him). Shall I?

Sir Arthur. Shall you! Don't you like it?

Sir Thomas (simply). Yes. Very much.

Sir Arthur. Go on, then. Finish it. *(Sir Thomas, with a sigh of content, sips brandy noisily.)* Cokayne *(aside to him),* why wouldn't the General come up just now?

Cokayne. Said he'd a call to make, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Don't let him know anything about this; it'd only frighten him. Was he going far?

Cokayne. No, Sir Arthur; only just to Lady Macallan's to inquire.

Sir Arthur. I see. *(Turns to look at Sir Thomas, who is wiping off spilt brandy.)* He's all right now, I think. Just you keep handy, though; in case. And let me know when the General comes.

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. *(Exit.)*

Sir Arthur. Now, old gentleman; I await your apology; frightening me to death like this. *(Takes glass Sir Thomas holds out.)* No, no more brandy.

Sir Thomas (placidly). I don't want any more brandy.

Sir Arthur. That's all right; 'cos you won't get it, if you do. You're a nice chap; you come here, to pay a quiet afternoon call on an old pal, and if you don't go tumbling about, as if you were tight. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, at your age, fainting like an anæmic schoolgirl? Eh?

Sir Thomas (placidly, with hands folded in lap). Ah! Don't know that I ever fainted in my life before.

Sir Arthur. Yes, you did; you fainted when you got into Alighur, after your famous ride; fell flat off your horse, and cut your head open. Why, you've got the scar still. Don't tell me; you're always at it.

Sir Thomas (vacantly). Alighur? Wasn't it something about Alighur we were just talking?

Sir Arthur. I daresay. But we don't want any more.

Sir Thomas (puzzled). Weren't we quarrelling? Something about a letter?

Sir Arthur. Quarrelling? You and I? When did you and I ever quarrel, old friend?

Sir Thomas. Why, just now; about a letter. (*Sees letter on floor, dropped there by Sir Arthur.*) Look! there it is! (*half rising*).

Sir Arthur (sharply). Now then; now then! What did I tell you? (*Makes him sit, and picks up letter.*) You sit quiet, or I'll call Cokayne. I'll send for him to undress you, and put you straight into bed—there. (*Tearing up letter.*) My bed, and an uncommon hard one! (*Puts pieces of letter in fire.*) That's what I'll do with you, my boy, and serve you jolly well right. If you don't sit quiet. (*Pause, while he watches the letter burn.*)

Sir Thomas (piteously). Arthur!

Sir Arthur (tetchily). Well, what is it now?

Sir Thomas (half crying). I know what I've done—I remember!—You told me just now. I've spoilt your life for you.

Sir Arthur (stoutly). Spoilt my grandmother! Why, what are you talking about?

Sir Thomas. Yes, I have—I've spoilt your life for you. I forgot your letter. (*Piteously, holding out his arms shakily towards Sir Arthur.*) Not my fault, old boy; not my fault! I fell off my horse, cut my forehead open, and it went clean out of my head. It

must ha' done; it must ha' done; or I'd never have forgotten. Not a thing like that. (*Crying.*) Arthur—can you ever forgive me?

Sir Arthur. Now ain't you ridiculous? Look at me! Do I look like a chap whose life's been spoilt? Why, I'm eighty-six. Do fellows live to eighty-six, without an ache or a pain, whose life's been spoilt for 'em? (*Chuckles.*) No, sir. They fade like flowers, and pass away with the spring-time. (*Gravely.*) Fact is, old boy, it's the brandy. You've been dreaming.

Sir Thomas. Dreaming? (*Looks up at him, anxiously.*) Then we weren't quarrelling, after all?

Sir Arthur. Quarrelling? You and I?

Sir Thomas. Are you sure?

Sir Arthur. D'you want me to take my solemn oath of it?

Sir Thomas (gets on to his feet). I'm not a religious man, Arthur, but I thank God for that. If you and I had ever quarrelled, I think I'd have gone straight back home, and never got up again.

Sir Arthur (puts his arm round him, affectionately). And now you'll go straight back home, and eat a pretty good dinner, eh?—instead. And don't you ever come out again, in the evening, after dark.

Sir Thomas. No. It's too much for me.

Sir Arthur. Confine yourself to the gardens, old friend, in the morning, when it's fine. By the way, I showed you my new seat, didn't I? First-rate, isn't it?

Sir Thomas. First-rate.

Sir Arthur. Would you like one like it?

Sir Thomas. Yes, I should. If you can get it to open.

Sir Arthur (offended). Open? Of course it opens. It's perfectly simple. Here, I'll show you. (*As Cokayne en-*

ters:) You merely press a—— What is it, Cokayne?

Cokayne. The General has called back for Sir Thomas, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Well? Won't he come up?

Cokayne (gravely). Says he'd rather not come up, Sir Arthur. (*Fetches Sir Thomas's coat.*)

Sir Arthur (huffily). Oh, well; please himself. We don't care. (*Takes coat from Cokayne.*) Now then, Tom; you're called for. Put on your coat, like a good boy. (*Holds out coat for him.*) The party's over.

Sir Thomas (comes to him and gets into coat). Thank'ee.

Sir Arthur. Gently! Gently! That's the lining. You've got into the lining. I say, Master Thomas, you want a new coat.

Sir Thomas. Not with half my investments in brewery shares, I don't. New coats ain't for me. (*Buttons himself up and arranges muffler.*)

Sir Arthur. Well, suppose I give you one at Christmas; for a Christmas present? Eh? Would you be offended?

Sir Thomas (chuckles). Offended? With a new coat? You try me. Give me a new hat, too, if you like. (*Gives him two fingers.*) Well, good-bye, Arthur. God bless yer!

Sir Arthur. Good-bye. Take care of yourself. You'll excuse me not coming down with you, won't you?

Sir Thomas. Of course. Good-bye.

Sir Arthur. Look after him down the stairs, Cokayne. Give him your arm.

Sir Thomas (takes Cokayne's arm). Oh, thank'ee.

Sir Arthur. You know who he is, don't you? One of the most gallant fellows in England! Kicked into Alighur, in the Mutiny; through a horde of Pandies! yelling, bloodthirsty Sepoys!—

Sir Thomas (waves hand, as they

exit arm-in-arm). Oh, just so! just so! Good-bye!

Sir Arthur (opens door and calls after them down the stairs). Ought to have had the Victoria Cross for it! That's all! Mind the turn, there. Go slow. . . . Good-bye. (*Closes door, and goes to table, by which he supports himself. Grimly:*) Good many years now, since I've told so many lies. Well, he's ninety-one, and I'm eighty-six. You can't quarrel with your oldest friend, on the brink of the grave. Two graves, begad! No; it isn't seemly! (*Resumes seat by fire.*)

But he might have done better for me than that, I think; he might have remembered my letter. Meant a good deal to me. And to her! (*As Cokayne re-enters:*) Well, seen 'em off the premises, Cokayne? All right?

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. But what's the matter with the General? Why wouldn't he come up?

Cokayne (gravely). The General asked me to tell you, Sir Arthur; he didn't like to come up and tell you himself. He had just been to Lady Macallan's, to inquire.

Sir Arthur. Ah!—well?

Cokayne. Her ladyship passed away, Sir Arthur, quite quietly, about half an hour ago. (*Silence.*)

Sir Arthur (tremulously, staring into the fire). Yes. Yes. Well, it's not unexpected, Cokayne; it's not unexpected. It's what we may call a happy release.

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (rouses himself, mildly). Paper not come yet?

Cokayne. I think not, Sir Arthur. I'll see. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (after making sure he is alone, takes a small box off table beside him, finds key on watch-chain, and unlocks box. As he takes each out, with box on his knees:) A withered flower—an old ball programme—

a little glove. Not a great deal to have to live on, for more than fifty years; when all the time I might have been with her! (*Opens programme and reads:*) "February 15, 1857. 32nd Native Infantry Regiment. Ball.—F.S.—F.S.—F.S." (*Breaking down.*) Ah! If I'd only spoken to her then, that night! My fault, my fault; not poor old Tom's! (*As Cokayne re-enters with paper, Sir Arthur closes box, leaving it on his knees. Cheerfully, blowing his nose:*) Evening paper, at last?

Cokayne. Yes, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur (*takes it*). Thank'ee, Cokayne; thank'ee. (*Finds spectacles, puts them on and opens paper, while Cokayne draws curtains over windows.*) Now, then; let's see what our dear friend the Chancellor's been doing. Any new little games, I wonder? Any more super-taxes, on the idle rich? Like me and poor old Tom Arkle. Begad! We're the lucky ones; we old boys; can't tax us much longer; that's one comfort. (*The Waits, at the far end of Collingham Gardens, begin to play "The Mistletoe Bough" very softly.*) It's the young fellows I pity! Young fellows like you, Cokayne; you're the ones are going to catch it. (*Listens.*) Hullo! That the Waits?

The Cornhill Magazine.

They're early this year, ain't they? Three weeks before Christmas?

Cokayne. No, Sir Arthur, I think not. They generally begin making night 'ideous about this time.

Sir Arthur. "The Mistletoe Bough." I used to sing it, when I was a boy. My battle-horse! (*Sings quaveringly:*) "The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The Baron's retainers were blithe and gay"—

Cokayne. Anything more I can get you, Sir Arthur? Fire's very low.

Sir Arthur (*mildly*). Don't touch it, don't touch it. It'll last all right till dinner-time. (*Takes up paper again and reads.*)

Cokayne. Very good, Sir Arthur. (*Exit.*)

Sir Arthur (*gradually lets paper fall, staring into the fire*). Well, I shan't be long now, Flora; I shan't be long. We shall soon be together now; at last! Only a little time—

"And, with the morn, those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!"

(*His head falls on his breast and the fire sinks lower in the grate, while "The Mistletoe Bough" continues softly in the distance.*)

Walter Frith.

A FUTURIST OF THE SIXTIES.*

Poetry is invariably a revelation of the inmost thought and feeling of one solitary human being. Its excellence depends, superficially, upon its accordance with the great poetic tradition; essentially, upon its emancipation from it. But originality is no more necessarily a virtue than mere servile conservatism. It may proceed from freakishness, from vanity, or from mere ig-

*"Walt Whitman: A Critical Study." By Basil de Selincourt. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

norance. The world must judge. And since it is easier to discover resemblances than to appreciate differences, a poet who merely echoes his immediate predecessors, with just that elusive charm which echo gives to the calling voice, is sure of immediate recognition. And he is sure of ultimate oblivion. For life has less room even for two precisely similar Shakespeares than for Shakespeare and "the poet, Bunn."

I.

Walt Whitman's most esoteric characteristic was his shining faith in the mystical significance of human experience. Even at its shallowest and most catalogical, his writing proclaims the spirit behind appearances. Nothing shakes his intuition. He sings "the essence of real things" and, so doing, includes such a condensed corporeality as "Congress convening every Twelfth-month, the members duly coming up from the uttermost parts." His most obvious characteristic, on the other hand, was his extraordinary likeness to the man in the street—the ideal man in the American street, the cordial spectator, enjoyer, commentator, richly hospitable to every chance *camarado*, with a reiterated "Allons," a guileless and unrestricted candor, a childlike sensitiveness, a gorgeous receptivity: "And who has been happiest? O, I think—it is I, I think no one was ever happier than I"; nor prouder, nor possessed of "a more perfect or more enamour'd body." To be Walt Whitman, indeed, and to tour creation is surely what every one of us would desire if only miracles could be more amply repeated. If neither of these characteristics—this mystical sense and this vivid interest in things and people and circumstance—is ever entirely wanting in a poet, in no other poet have they flourished in such volume and exuberance, and never before in such curious amity and conflict. "Chant me the poem that comes from the heart of America," Whitman cries with one voice; "I lull nobody and you will never understand me," he asserts with another. "And now, gentlemen," he assures us, "a word I give to remain in your memories and minds, as base and *finale* for all metaphysics." And then, "The words of my book are nothing, the drift of it everything." But anyhow: "The immortal poets of Asia and Europe have done their work

and passed to other spheres. A work remains, the work of surpassing all they have done. That is a transcendentalism every one can envy us as well as understand.

And yet, neither here nor in America has "the modern man" "*en masse*," to whom Whitman poured out his prophetic soul, responded with proportionate fervor to this camaraderie. The picturesqueness of such a figure is acknowledged. It is spectacular. It has tempted more than one artist in words:—

The dark sombrero he usually wears was, the day being warm, held for the moment in his hand. . . . I marked the countenance, serene, proud, cheerful, florid, grave; the brow seamed with noble wrinkles. . . . The simplicity and purity of his dress, cheap and plain, but spotless, from snowy falling collar to burnished boot, and exhaling faint fragrance; the whole form surrounded with manliness as with a nimbus, and breathing in its perfect health and vigor the august charm of the strong.

"Well, he looks like a Man," said Lincoln more briefly. And to look like a man and to be a seer is in itself a rare achievement. His self-confidence, daring, independence are no less beyond dispute. Only one disquieting question still remains and recurs. His great contemporaries are fixed marks, their height is taken. Whitman alone remains a variable star. Were his license, his revolt from tradition justified? Was his profuse originality too severe a strain upon the true poetic tradition? Which would suffer most from any attempt at exclusion?

Mr. Basil de Söllincourt's critical study is a continuous recognition of this doubt. It is at the same time a consistent and exhaustive attempt to resolve it with lucid finality. As he himself remarks in a note, his aim has been to lay stress on aspects of the subject which court misunderstanding

or have received relatively little attention hitherto. Whitman's "initial attack" is beyond question, and his critic wastes no time on it. It is Whitman's form and its justification, his poetic plan and its accomplishment, his naked candor, and the ultimate standing, influence and effect of his work that are still "problems." And these problems Mr. de Sélincourt closely, fearlessly assaults. His tendency on the whole has been to justify his poet by distilling, as it were, an ideal Whitman from the potentialities as well as from the actual achievement of his best work. He essentializes. He does not ignore the shallows and futilities, but he is not overwhelmed by them. Thus he views Whitman in relation to his truest poetry and retrieves him from the externalities and eccentricities of his temperament.

In his enthusiasm for Whitman, in his anxiety to reduce that lush exuberance to law, Mr. de Sélincourt is inclined to over-emphasize the artificiality of metrical form. To lisp in numbers may not be the fate of every poet, but the widest possible range is open to this freest of impulses—a range not only of choice but of infinite invention. And it is at least a question whether Shakespeare found it a more artificial or restricting ordeal to write a sonnet than Edward Lear to scribble a nonsense rhyme. Nor is ease in the doing of a thing any merit in the thing done. Rhyme, metre, stanza, it is true, may serve both as a mill-stone to drown and a cork to buoy up impulse and inspiration, but this is true only of a flagging impulse. And when Whitman's impulse flagged, his verse, as Mr. de Sélincourt freely confesses, sank not into prose, but into a procession of words hardly representative even of things, or into effusive bathos.

II.

But though Whitman seems to have

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written verse on the slenderest provocation, though he seems to have trusted to the exercise, as it were, to fan the flame, he began late and he began deliberately. One is apt to glory in his best (and to condone his worst) on the score of its naïve spontaneity and abandonment. But Whitman was a conscious and self-trained craftsman. He had been an omnivorous reader—knew what to revolt from. He had been a journalist, an editor, was used to his pen. And such was his assurance of the virtue of "Leaves of Grass" that he prepared three reviews of it which were published on its appearance by a friendly Press. He had, too, tried and had failed to write poems after the pattern of his predecessors. And, like Carlyle, he turned aside in search of a fresh and more natural medium. "Make no quotations and no references to any other writers," runs one of the notes quoted by Mr. de Sélincourt. ". . . Be faithful to the perfect likelihoods of nature," and thus prepare the way for "the Strength, Command, and Luxuriance of Oratory," for a poetry "of new things." Poetry of new things is rare—perhaps too rare; poetry of new men is never-failing. Though this preparation for his life-work in no sense affects Whitman's "stature as a poet," it influences our attitude towards both his work and himself.

Despite our knowledge of his life, of his delightful childhood in the old farmhouse, when Brooklyn was a country town and Long Island was Arcadia, of his waverings and wanderings, his heroic self-sacrifice and devotion, he still remains, even to Mr. de Sélincourt, a mysterious figure. He realized that the inmost secrets of life "elude this verse and every verse." It is impossible to doubt his sincerity—in the sense that sincerity applies to creative work. None the less a suspicion of a sophisticated unsophisticat-

edness may at times disquiet a shameless reader. He was a showman—with himself for show; a brisk bagman, with America, democracy, and even better commodities for his wares. His singing-ropes may have been innocent of European embroideries, but they were ample; and he wore them habitually and with an air. "Who more foolish than I, and who more faithless?" is no less ceremonious an utterance than "I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks." He asks no handicap then in the race for fame. He runs against his peers. Mr. de Sélincourt shows very skillfully why poems like "Old War Drums," "Dirge for Two Veterans," and "Captain, O Captain!"—poems that approach nearest to the normal poetic form—fail in the rarer and finer sense in which more characteristic poems such as "Whisper of Heavenly Death" and the beautiful "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" so wonderfully succeed. But though his elaborate analysis of Whitman's form and style wins order out of seeming chaos, though he discerns and reveals a sense of structure in his work and finds a comprehensive plan in its conception and execution, like that of "a big mosaic," his conclusions, we think—even if full allowance be made for Whitman's conscious aims and axioms and for his "fumbings and bunglings"—do more honor to his own penetration and perception of form, to his own assiduity, than to "our hero" as artist. He has, as it were, woven a finished technique out of a tangle of loose threads. His book is, in an unusually full sense of the phrase, a piece of creative criticism.

III.

But whether or not Whitman was an artist is a question that only indirectly affects his poetry. There is no poetry without art; but all poetry transcends

conscious art. Whitman's greatness, his poetry, cannot, as Mr. de Sélincourt insists, be demonstrated by any single poem. It pervades, and emanates from, his work as a whole. His appeal is "floating and suffused." Most lyrical poets select, not only a subject, but a mood, the place of their genius. They sit like anglers on the margin of a remote and magic pool, waiting for Heaven's bounty. Their poems, as they approach perfection, are oases of beauty and music in this waste of dullish and tepid experience—though the dull and the tepid are emphatically comparative. To compare such work with that of Whitman is like comparing the song of a bird with the wood it sings in, including, indeed, the woodmen merrily engaged in chopping down the trees. Whitman's vision is always at large. He rarely isolates or confines; at times he hardly focuses. His consciousness was a kind of universal mirror. He held it up to nature, to all mankind, to every fleeting thing in earth or sky; and the reflection in all its unassorted multiplicity is his poetry. In other words, his writing is the stuff of poetry, rather than poetry itself. By the very intensity of his regard and enjoyment he so conveys this picture to the mind of his reader as to make a poet of him. "There is only one perfect poem," as Mr. de Sélincourt well says, "the living Universe." And Whitman echoes him:—"For the great Idea, That, O my brethren, that is the mission of poets." And his great idea in the last resort was the rapture and marvel of being imperishably alive and eager in a world that exacts the last vestige of life and eagerness we can extort from ourselves. The "Great Eastern," therefore, was only just such a rapturous phenomenon as Congress at the Twelfth Month, as "the delicate spear of an onion" or as "Myself." He took no texts; he took all texts. Experi-

ence passed through no discernible process in his mind. He pours out an immediate response to the world without, an immediate response to the effect of the world without on the world within. And because any such surrender to life reveals its haunting mystery, so by simply recording his experience, Whitman reveals that mystery:—

The earth is not an echo, man and his life and all the things of life are well-consider'd.

You are not thrown to the winds, you gather certainly and safely around yourself,

Yourself! Yourself! Yourself! for ever and ever.

That may carry a curious and alarming suggestion of an intoxicated or hysterical Emerson—the Emerson who congratulated the poet on his “wit and wisdom.” But there hides in the flood of words of which this is a freshet (like a mermaid in the sea’s froth) a something, sensitive and very much alive though not necessarily wholly rational.

One wearies of his perpetual haste and exclamatoriness and breathlessness, his endless “loops” of word and phrase and theme, his “impromptu confabs,” his uninterrupted “continuity”; and so wearying, one sighs for the concision, completeness, essentiality of a less prolific and more discriminating poetry, or for the quiet terra firma of prose. But that is true of all Impressionism; and, as Mr. de Sélincourt gaily acknowledges, Whitman was not only an Impressionist, but also a Futurist—born out of due season. His verse is percussive, explosive, it is supremely egoistic, it shouts and stamps.

. . . Break, lovely waves of the sea,
burst your crests

In a vast peal of laughter right up to
the stars!

May your glittering laughter crack
The vaults of silence!

For see the old Syllogisms, impotent
fools,

White-haired, bent in two, lick the
tracks of the feet

Of the sweet little Truths who slip
past them uncaught.

As for me, I believe in nought else but
that lighthouse, my Dream,

In nought else any more but its great
eye of gold,

Like an August moon,

Wandering free in the deep of the
night. . . .

Already a nonchalant breed, silently
emerging, appears on the streets,

People’s lips salute only doers, lovers,
satisfiers, positive knowers,

There will shortly be no more priests,
I say their work is done,

Death is without emergencies here, but
life is perpetual emergencies
here,

Are your body, days, manners, superb?
After death you shall be superb,

Justice, health, self-esteem, clear the
way with irresistible power;

How dare you place anything before a
man?

Fall behind me States!

A man before all—myself, typical, be-
fore all.

No student of Mr. de Sélincourt’s chapters on form and style will hesitate in assigning one of these passages to Whitman; the more reactionarily “poetical” of the two is torn from a translation of a poem by Mr. Marinetti. The resemblance between them is striking. Poetry, assert the Futurists, must be aggressive, a violent assault, must sing the great multitudes furious with work, pleasure, or revolt. So cried a little bird in Walt Whitman’s ear half a century ago. Rapturously he obeyed the call. America, however, paid comparatively small attention to it or to him. She refused him, says Mr. de Sélincourt, because Whitman “could only give her what she had already given him.” He was a national poet, but America was not yet a nation.

Soon, perhaps, will an English poet,

a whole school of English poets, seize on the laurels reserved for Mr. Marinetti's evangelists. Meanwhile we can stir our jaded sense with the impulsive, luxuriant anticipations of this venerable Futurist of the eighteenth-fifties. Strangely enough it is not his wildest manifestation of Strength,

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Command, and Luxuriance of Oratory that best serve that purpose, but his pity and sorrow, his strange, unshatterable assurance of immortality, his glimpses of unearthly beauty of sea and sky, his sure faith in life, in "the ever-expanding, ever-insatiable spirit of man."

ONE WAY WITH THEM.

Leeson is the best of living creatures (as so many of us are) but he has one detestable foible—he always wants to read something aloud. Now, reading aloud is a very special gift. Few men have it, and even of those few there are some who do not force it upon their friends; the rest have it not, and Leeson is of the rest.

In fact, it is really painful to listen to him, because he not only reads, but acts. If it is a woman speaking, he pipes a falsetto such as no woman outside a reciter's brain ever possessed. If it is a rustic, he affects a dialect from no known district. In emotional passages one does not dare to look at him at all, but we all cower with our heads in our hands, as though we were convicted but penitent criminals. So much for dramatic or dialogue pieces. When it comes to lyric poetry—his favorite form of literature—Leeson sings, or rather cantillates, swaying his body to the rhythm of the lines. If any of the poets could hear him they would become bus-conductors at once; it is as bad as that.

Otherwise Leeson is excellent company and one likes dining with him. But there's always hanging over one the dread that he may have alighted on something new and wonderful, and at any moment . . .

Directly I entered the house last week I was conscious that this had happened—Leeson had made another

discovery. I had not been in the drawing-room for more than a minute, and had barely shaken hands with Mrs. Leeson, when he pulled from his pocket a thin book. I knew the worst at once: it had about it all the stigmata of new poetry. It was of the right deadly hue, the right deadly size, the right deadly roughness about the edges.

"I've got something here, my boy," he said. "The real stuff. Let me—"

Just at this moment the door opened and some guests entered.

"Never mind," he remarked to me, as he approached to welcome them; "later. It's wonderful—wonderful!"

Other guests arriving occupied him, and then a servant came in to say that he was wanted on the telephone.

He returned with the message that Captain Cathcart was sorry to say he could not possibly be there until a quarter-past eight. But please don't wait.

It was now five minutes past eight.

"What I suggest," said Leeson, "is that we do wait, and that we fill up the time by reading one or two poems by a new man that I've just discovered? They're simply wonderful!"

He drew out the book and we all composed ourselves to the ordeal; Mrs. Gaston, who is the insincerest creature on earth and has no thoughts beyond Auction Bridge, even going so far as

to say, ecstatically, "A new poet! How heavenly!"

But Mrs. Leeson stopped it. "Oh, no," she said, "don't let us wait. Very likely Captain Cathcart will be later still." And with a sigh of relief that was almost audible we marched down to dinner.

I thought that Leeson cut the time over our cigars rather short, and we had no sooner returned to the drawing-room than he began again. "I won't keep you more than a few moments," he said, "but I very much want your opinion of a new poet I have discovered. I have his work here," and out came the deadly book, "and I want to read one or two brief things."

"Oh, George, dear," said Mrs. Leeson, "do you mind postponing that for a little? Miss Langton is very kindly going to sing for us, and she has to leave early."

Leeson accepted the situation with as much philosophy as he could muster.

As a rule I am bored by amateur, or indeed any, singing after dinner, but I looked at Miss Langton with an expression which a Society paper reporter might easily have misconstrued.

Long before she had finished we were all calling out, "Thank you! Thank you! Encore! Encore!"

Leeson alone was faint in his praises and his face fell to a lower depth when she began again.

No sooner had she finished and gone than he was planning another effort, but during the opportunity afforded by her departure we had, with great address, divided ourselves into such animated groups that Mrs. Leeson, like a tactful hostess, laid her hand on his arm and caused him again to postpone it.

He wandered forlornly from chair to chair, seeking an opening, and at last

Punch.

ventured to clear his throat and again ask if we would like to hear his new poet. "I assure you he's wonderful!"

But at this moment old Lady Thistlewood uttered a little cry and at once bells were rung for *sal-volatile*. Her ladyship, it seems, is subject to attacks of faintness.

When next Leeson made his proposal the Buntons rose and, expressing every variety of sorrow and regret, stated that they had no idea it was so late and they must really tear themselves away; Mrs. Bunton tactfully taking down the title of this dear new poet's book and its publisher.

This being the signal for the others to leave, I soon found myself alone.

"Now!" said Leeson with a triumphant expression. "Thank goodness they're out of the way and we're quiet and snug. Now you shall hear my poet." He felt for the book. "I tell you——" He stopped in dismay.

"I could have sworn it was in my pocket," he said, and began to hunt about the room.

"Where on earth can it be?" he said.

I helped him to look for it, but in vain.

"Perhaps Mrs. Bunton took it?" I suggested.

"I'm sure she didn't," he replied.

"Perhaps Mrs. Leeson has it?" I said.

But she had not. The last time she had seen it it was on the table after Mrs. Bunton copied the title.

Leeson was so utterly dejected that I felt almost sorry for him.

"Well," he said at last, "that's the strangest thing I ever heard of. What a disappointment! I did want you to hear it."

But it was precisely because I didn't that in my own pocket was the volume's present hiding-place. When the front door had closed behind me half-an-hour later, I slipped it into the letter-box.

WHAT THE ARCHON DID.

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY.

"Examine History, for it is 'Philosophy Teaching by Experience.'"—*Carlyle*.

It is a comfortable theory among the middle classes that imprisonment for debt is abolished. They remember "Little Dorrit" and know that the Marshalsea is pulled down and believe that imprisonment for debt went with it. For their own class it has been abolished since 1869, but Parliament deliberately retained it as a good discipline for the poor. The spendthrift of the aristocracy may fling other people's thousands about and waste their substance in riotous living, but when the day of reckoning comes he planks down ten pounds and a humble petition (in bankruptcy), and a kindly Registrar begs him go forth and sin again, if he feels inclined to, at the end of two years.

But if a man on a weekly wage is improvident or unfortunate and runs into debt for a few pounds, a County Court Judge commands him to pay the debt at so many shillings a month, and if he does not pay, owing to more improvidence or more misfortune, and it is shown that he has had, since the day the order was made, any means by which he could have paid, then he goes to gaol. At least, he ought to go to gaol, according to law, but it must be sorrowfully admitted that County Court Judges, being human beings, generally give him further time to pay, so that he may try to earn the money, or at least save it up out of earnings that ought to go in food for his family. If he continues out of work, then, when the bailiff comes with a warrant in his hand, it is most probable that a father, uncle, sister, cousin or aunt, or some neighbor equally as poor as himself, will be blackmailed by the

law and a sense of pity into paying his debt and the costs and the fees that the State demands for keeping the system going, rather than allow a fellow creature to go to gaol.

And the evil that this does is not so much that a few breadwinners are taken to gaol and homes broken up, but that habits of improvidence are encouraged, reckless credit is given, extravagance and waste are stimulated, and a large class of undesirable knavish trades, tallymen, money-lenders, flash jewellery touts, sellers of costly family Bibles in series, gramophones and other luxuries of the mean streets, are enabled to foist their wares—a foister is good old English for a cheat—on poor folk whose character and worth in the world are injured by the evil *sequela* of duplicity and shiftiness that are the common after symptoms of the degrading disease of debt.

And if you ask an ordinary citizen why this should not be swept away he tells you with a serious face that if it were swept away the poor man would not get credit for necessities in his hour of distress. It is no use telling him that the only asset a working man has to which credit can be given is character, and that to allow him to mortgage his future earnings by pledging his body cannot be good for the community. The more hopeful argument, I find, is to point out to the pious citizen that to-day a betting man or even a publican will give credit on occasion to a working man whose character he knows, but generally these well-conducted businesses are cash businesses. This being so, if a man wants to bet or wants to drink beer he pays cash, and he on occasion wastes his substance on these things

and makes too big a hole in his week's wages for one afternoon's amusement, because he relies on the credit so freely given by the "wicked grocer." If, on the other hand, the grocer were on a compulsory cash basis too, a thoughtful working man might see well to make him a first mortgagee on the thirty shillings a week. At present he is a very ordinary shareholder indeed, and too often only gets a meagre dividend under an order of Court, though no doubt he takes all this into account in the prices he charges. However we look at it, it is pleasant to know that in spite of the absence of the sanction of imprisonment for debt, the businesses of betting men and brewer are by no means bankrupt and the working man probably deals as much with both of them as is good for him. The system of imprisonment for debt, when you understand it, gives them a distinct pull over the grocer.

And, of course, in any case we must admit that only the poor—indeed the poorest and most unfortunate of the poor—go to prison, and then only at the rate of a few thousand a year—something less than ten thousand nowadays, when trade is good and the judicial temperament less exacting and Spartan than it was twenty years ago. Trifles of this kind do not interest our superiors, and I do not think our legislators and publicists will ever be convinced of the necessity for abolition—by argument. Not that I ever condescend to argue about it. To my mind it is one of those obvious things you cannot reasonably argue about, and I always preface anything I have to say concerning it with the Lancashire phrase "Aw'm not argyin'—Aw'm tellin' thee." But there are some who won't be told, and to convert these it might be well to show them cinematographically, or historically if you will, what has been done in the past. This brings me to *What the Archon Did*.

The particular Archon I refer to is Solon.

Solon knew all about imprisonment for debt, and his evidence on the subject is most convincing. It is well to remember, too, that Solon was a business man—I have this from Grote, who got it I fancy, from Plutarch. Exekestides, Solon's father, a gentleman of the purest heroic blood, "diminished his substance by prodigality" and young Solon had to go into business; in modern phrase, he "went on the road," and saw a lot of the world in Greece and Asia. I mention this because I am always told that if I knew anything of business I should understand the necessity of imprisonment for debt. Solon was emphatically a business man. Solon was also a poet, which perhaps was his best asset as a social reformer, but he was no sentimentalist if, as some say, when he was a general attacking a rebellious city he ordered the wells to be poisoned to put an end to the strife. That at least showed that he could think imperially.

When Solon in a time of grand social upheaval was made Archon, he found the poorer population including particularly the cultivating tenants, weighed down by debts and driven in large numbers out of freedom and into slavery. Let me set down the condition of things in the careful words of Grote lest I appear to exaggerate.

"All the calamitous effects were here seen of the old harsh law of debtor and creditor—once prevalent in Greece, Italy, Asia, and a large portion of the world—combined with the recognition of slavery as a legitimate status, and of the right of one man to sell himself as well as that of another man to buy him. Every debtor unable to fulfil his contract was liable to be adjudged as the slave of his creditor, until he could find means either of paying it or working it out; and not only he himself,

but his minor sons and unmarried daughters and sisters also, whom the law gave him the power of selling. *The poor man thus borrowed upon the security of his body* (to translate literally the Greek phrase) and upon that of the persons in his family.

The words I have italicized are interesting as exactly defining the principle of all imprisonment for debt. A wage earner to-day who runs up bills with tallymen and grocers obtains credit upon the security of his body.

I have heard from the wife of a poor debtor an apt but unconscious translation of the Latin maxim, *Si non habet in aere licet in corpore*. Her allegation was that a tallyman had said to her husband, "If I canna 'ave yer brass I'll tek yer body." In the North-country, among the more old-fashioned bailiffs and their victims, warrants of arrest are commonly known as "body warrants." No doubt the imprisonment of to-day is different in degree from the slavery of debtors in Greece five hundred years before Christ, but it is absolutely the same in principle, founded on the same idea, and worthy to be maintained or abolished by the citizens of this State for the same reasons that were found good by the citizens of Athens.

Thus it is that it is worth while finding out what Solon thought about it. I wish Solon's tract "What the Archon Saw" had come down to us, and we could have quoted actual instances of the wickedness of imprisonment for debt in his day, but at least we know what he thought of it, and, what is really important to us, what he did. Solon had a pretty wit in titles. He called his bill *Seisachtheia*, or the shaking off of burdens. The relief which it afforded was complete and immediate. It cancelled at once all those contracts in which the debtor had borrowed on the security of his

person or his land; it forbade all future loans or contracts in which the person of the debtor was pledged as security; it deprived the creditor in future of all power to imprison or enslave or extort work from his debtor, and confine him to an effective judgment at law, authorizing the seizure of the property of the latter.

Here was indeed a shaking off of burdens. For here we find, not only was imprisonment for debt abolished lock, stock and barrel, but a law enacted protecting the land of the cultivator from being seized for debt. This is akin to what in some of our colonies is called a homestead law, and I have always contended that in the interests of the State the few sticks of furniture which a poor man and his wife and children always call "the home" should be protected from arrest for debt, just as the breadwinner's body should be exempt from imprisonment. I could have got along with Solon.

And when one is told the old tale that has always been put forward by those who wish to retain imprisonment for debt—that the workman will starve for want of necessary credit and that trade will stagnate owing to timid creditors refusing to trade—let us remember with pleasure that that was not what the Archon saw as a result of his beneficial measures. On the contrary, the testimony is overwhelming that there grew up a higher and increasing respect for the sanctity of contracts. The system of credit-giving, and especially of money-lending, assumed a more beneficial character, and "the old noxious contracts, mere snares for the liberty of a poor free man and his children,"—the flat-traps of to-day—disappeared. What happened was what will happen here when we abolish this degrading system of giving credit on the sanction of body warrants. What happened in Athens was that, although there were

some fraudulent debtors, the public sentiment became strongly in favor of honesty, and it is agreed that the prophecies of Solon's failure were not made good, and "that a loan of money at Athens was quite as secure as it ever was at any time or place of the ancient world." Furthermore, it is acknowledged by the better authorities that what I expect and believe will happen in the mean streets of England when imprisonment for debt is abolished, actually did happen in Athens, and, to use Grote's words, "the prohibition of all contracts on the security of the body was itself sufficient to produce a vast improvement in the character and conditions of the poorer population."

Of course, I am not putting forward
The New Witness.

"What the Archon Did" as an example to the Archons who Didn't of to-day. The theory of evolution teaches us that in two thousand years the Solon type must have improved, and that the Solon that we see in the latter-day armchair of State must be a far, far better thing than anything that obtained in Ancient Greece. Possibly, the world having no use at all for Solons, the type is extinct. Be that as it may, I am more than ever puzzled since I have studied the records of What the Archon Did. If the world had got so far in the question of Imprisonment for debt five hundred years before Christ, why are we where we are now nineteen hundred years since the Master set before us the true doctrine of forgiveness of trespasses?

AMERICAN GAMES.

"Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes her laws," was said, not by Fletcher of Saltoun, but by a friend whom he reports. The historic remark would be equally apt if "games" were substituted for "ballads." The extraordinary development of organized athletic pastimes during the last half-century opens up a new aspect of social and national life and its expression. We can study the character of a people by analyzing the character, even the technique, of the sports which so grip their interests and so healthfully (as a rule) occupy their leisure hours. A case in point is the great spectacular exposition of baseball which his Majesty the King and a large assemblage of his subjects viewed recently with wonder and interest.

Baseball is America's national game. It is also a sociological index to the American character, as sure in its results as American literature or daily

habits. England, curiously enough, has nowadays at least two national games—cricket and football. Probably the latter should be studied as a pair of vanities, rather than as one. And, of course, these three games are an index to the English character. It would be straining a new hypothesis to urge that such expressions of a people's nature are complete or final. They give glimpses, at times revelations, of some salient characters; that is all; but it is something of a sociological picture already.

The American people has behind it the development, under different conditions from our own, of several centuries. *A priori*, that is long enough to produce a real differentiation of character, and even of physical type. We speak of the American people; some day men of science may speak of the American race. That period, again, has been sufficient for the evolution of definite varieties of popular pas-

times. It is interesting to notice that not till the organization of the States was fully established did this athletic evolution become definite. Nation-building leaves no time for play. But early in the nineteenth century men of sporting genius (if the phrase may be allowed) saw in a boys' game, which was not rounders, but rather an American variety of it, the makings of a great popular pastime. It was just at the epoch when England was developing (from the old parent-elements of all "implemented games") her own first national game of cricket. Now, it was quite possible for baseball to have developed on cricket lines, and cricket on those of baseball. But undoubtedly what prevented this, and has made the two games what they are, was the respective temperaments of the two peoples.

The familiar characteristics of baseball are, generally, rapidity of action, and multiplicity of action; every player is doing something throughout the game, whether manœuvring, moving, throwing, or hitting; and the co-operation of the players is extraordinarily well developed. The game is like living chess in which all the pieces are moving at the same time. The scheme of the game, along and about the "diamond," orientates this concerted activity, and every one knows his position to an inch. Both the "coacher," who does not play, but gives a general's orders from near "first base," our "point," and the "catcher," who is our wicket-keeper, organize the manœuvres of the fielders. The catcher and "pitcher," who corresponds to the bowler, though his bowling is a throw with a snapping wrist, have a perfect understanding, and a code of signals.

These latter details bear the hallmark of the American genius for organization. That genius is undoubted, as both battlefields and business opera-

tions have proved. One may say of it that it develops every element in a scheme which is able to serve it; it is thorough and exhaustive.

The impetuous rush of the game—there is neither waiting, nor marking time, nor playing out time—expresses (as it was produced by) the American rapidity of nervous reaction, the restlessness and that go-ahead quality which is affectionately (as it were) termed hustling. When this character is in action it, of course, produces critical and thrilling moments both in the "diamond" and in the "wheatpit." No dull moment ever intervenes.

Time is money, and a baseball match occupies scarcely a longer period than an English football contest. The "crowded hour of glorious life" is surely an American ideal.

In its rapidity and concentrated excitement English football resembles baseball. It is proverbial that cricket is too slow for Americans. But the popular enthusiasm of Englishmen for football makes us pause. It would seem that, if cricket is slow, the English prefer a slow game in summer and a fast game in winter. But baseball has its season from April to October. It seems as if the phlegmatic Englishman were being "speeded up"; at any rate, complaints have been made of cricket. Here there is an American influence on England; for of late years in various games and athletics America's workmanlike methods and capacity for getting to the heart of a game, and consequently of playing it without pause or dead-points, have impressed our players at home.

The proverbial Englishman, slow to act and of great silence, is disproved by the crowds who watch the football cup-ties. He is passing. But a racial differentiation remains, and the American will always be quicker.

The technique of baseball is profoundly interesting to the student of

the dynamics of games. Some thirty years ago the bowling, or rather "pitching," was revolutionized. It was then made legal to *throw* the ball. Hence the wonderful armor of proof which the "catcher" wears. But mere pace soon gave way to graduated pace and swerving. Never in the history of sport has the human hand shown such control over an implement as the hand of a pitcher over the flight of the ball. Much superstition has gathered round this, and many fabulous performances, corkscrew swerves, swerves reversed, jumping balls, and so forth, are on the lips of crowds. Being allowed no run, as the bowler is at cricket, the pitcher has brought to a fine art the mechanism of stance and delivery. The same is true of the batter, who has to deal with full-pitches only, very different from bouncing balls. The attitudes of these men are a revelation to cricketers.

The fielding is world-famous. Since
The Spectator.

the fielder has several wickets, so to speak, at which he may get a man out, and since the space behind the batter is "foul ground" and unused, there is less space to cover and more effective work to achieve than in the cricket field. So the fielder plays with "all of himself," a wonderful embodiment of all-round muscularity in motion.

This spells the thoroughgoing analytic genius of the Americans, which has made a game, instead of allowing it to make itself. It also spells their keenness on anything worth doing. It was a curious reflection that an American game was viewed by an English crowd. American baseball is more than half played by the crowd itself. There is a sort of secondary game played by telepathy around the play on the field. Between the two is the "fan," who is a humorous Greek chorus to the game. All this expresses social interaction.

GREAT DAYS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

[These sketches have never hitherto appeared. They are to be published in the second volume of the complete edition of Victor Hugo's works, edited by Gustave Simon.]

NAPOLÉON I.

(Written November 20, 1848.)

I.

(After the record of King Jérôme of Westphalia.)

The divorce had not yet been decided upon, for the Emperor had become accustomed to Josephine and did not want to renounce her. And it is very likely that Eugène Beauharnais could have prevented the divorce by a single word. Napoleon only waited to be hindered by him. In reality he had only consulted his stepson to challenge

his opposition. But Eugène played the part of the large-hearted, of the resigned, at the wrong time. He left his mother in the lurch and bowed to his master. He did not feel as a son of Napoleon, but only as his courtier. He said, "Your will be done, Sire!" and he sacrificed Josephine.

The Council of Ministers was called. The Arch-Chancellor spoke first. After him the Emperor passed the word to Eugène. Even then he could still have saved everything; Napoleon would have hesitated in face of his protest, he could not have resisted his tears, for Napoleon was defenceless at the sight of tears from a member of his family. But Beauharnais was stoic, not to say that he was cowardly. He declared

that his and his mother's fate were in the hands of the Emperor; both conformed to his will, which was always best. Jérôme spoke after Eugène at the Emperor's command, to be sure, very reservedly, but yet he spoke for Josephine, whom he claimed to be Napoleon's star. He believed that the happiness of the Corsican was closely allied with that of the Creole. But his remarks came too late; the dice had fallen—fallen in consequence of Beauharnais' treachery!

Napoleon now upheld a resolution which alone Eugène's veto would have upset. Josephine, who was waiting for the decision of the Council of Ministers in the next room, fell weeping across the bed which she was never again to share with Napoleon.

II.

(Written November 21, 1848.)

Some days before Molé was to become Supreme Judge he was often at Court. One evening the Emperor, the Empress, the Arch-Chancellor, and Jérôme were together in the Small Salon. Monsieur Molé withdrew into a corner. Talleyrand and Fouché were announced. Again they had much on their conscience. The Emperor, who had just been laughing and joking, considered it wise to become very angry. "Ah, my Lord Bishop! Ah, Monsieur Monk!" and he treated them both like scoundrels.

The Prince of Benevento and the Duke of Otranto¹ listened without showing any emotion, entirely unmoved; they withstood quietly the storm that was breaking upon them, just as if the rude words were not meant for them, Talleyrand with his most stony stare; Fouché had put on his most mealy face. Afterwards both bow most deeply to his Majesty and withdraw. The servants in the ante-

¹Talleyrand and Fouché had been clerics before the Revolution.

chamber see them smile—a merry smile.

Jérôme was very dissatisfied; but since he only felt like a dwarf before a giant, as a child before a hero, he remained silent, drawing down the corners of his mouth.

Napoleon motioned to him: "What is the matter with you, Monsieur the King of Westphalia?" "Sire—" "Well?" "Sire—" "Well, why don't you speak, small King!" "Well, then, if I were Emperor, and had any reason to mistrust Talleyrand or Fouché, I should either have them shot or hung, but I would certainly not treat them like schoolboys!" The Emperor laughed. "Do not say 'Shot or hung,' say rather 'Shot and hung.' Shoot Talleyrand and hang Fouché, that would be the only correct thing to do!" Then he turned to the Arch-Chancellor. "What do you say to this, Monsieur the Arch-Chancellor?" "Sire, his Majesty the King of Westphalia is probably not wrong?"

The Emperor became absorbed, and there was reason for him to be so. Of course his fall later was not due to the intrigues of these his two creatures, but their rat-teeth had long before gnawed at his throne.

In Dresden Napoleon I. held Court to an antechamber of princes, but not every one was admitted as a courtier. The Emperor chose them from among the monarchs of Europe.

Napoleon held cercle every evening. The princes, great and small, bowed to their lord; the mightier they were the lower they bowed. For the mightiest had most to lose; therefore their fear, which found expression in respect.

Matters had come to such a point that kings and emperors did not dare to sit down in Napoleon's presence. They stood and waited, smilingly, until he was gracious enough to speak to them.

One evening, when Napoleon was

holding circle reclining on a sofa, one of the princesses, red with shame, motioned to her husband to sit down. But he only shook his head, and was rather frightened, so great was the fear of "Him."

THE CRIME OF THE DUKE DE PRASLIN.

(Written May 1848.)

Was it premeditated? Yes and no! In the sense of the law, certainly; for it states that every crime is premeditated which has been planned and prepared like a work of art or a game of patience. But I believe to a certain extent in an unconscious premeditation. A husband kills his wife. He kills her in a most extraordinary, incredible, insane, horrible, and yet very stupid manner. That is the case of the Duke de Praslin.

The affair may have happened about as follows: A couple marry without knowing each other. The families are married. Their estates, their fortune, their name. The young people do not suit each other; still they are married. Now they are man and wife. Soon they quarrel, for their characters clash. Instead of kisses—bites. Wife and husband feel a dull hatred, scorn, contempt, bitterness, fury, quarrelsomeness. The husband, not a good man, pulls at his chains. One day he is frightened at the thought, Will it continue like this all my life; could I not free myself? A few days later he reads in the paper that the Duchess So-and-So died. He exclaims: "Such a good woman! She made her husband so happy; she must die and my wife lives. Only the good women die; the bad ones live." While out driving the coachman is careless, the carriage is upset, the wife remains unhurt. "I have no luck!" sighs the husband. The wife is taken ill; the husband looks delighted. He looks forward to a happy solution. She recovers. He

takes a mistress. He is rich, young, etc. There is no lack of opportunity to be unfaithful. The wife finds it out. Scenes and scandal. The servants talk about it. The children scent trouble and look at the parents askance. The hatred has become deadly bitter. After an unusually stormy scene the husband soliloquizes, "I would give one hundred thousand francs to him who rids me of this woman!"

Life continues in its old routine; the hearts of man and wife are eaten up with fury and revenge. The husband plans evil. Still he reads his paper, goes shooting, spends two hundred thousand francs annually, laughs, smokes, goes to Court, or to the Chamber. But the position becomes unsupportable. The husband, the family, is threatened. A fortune is to be preserved; a mistress is to be protected. The wife, the mother of the children whom the law protects, is indignant at the pretentiousness of the husband, and hurts and injures him relentlessly, hourly. The husband is driven to extremes. "I shall still wring her neck like a chicken's," he threatens. From the thought to the deed is only a step. So his inward agitation led him step by step to the final and most dreadful intention. He indulges in the thought of murder. The solution is brusque, awful, unexpected, unwise, mad; it has all the symptoms of unpremeditation. The least quarrel can bring it about. It is like the drop of water which causes the vessel to overflow. The soul full of unconscious premeditation fills, drop by drop, until a murderer is developed. Murder has taken possession of his heart and brain. Fury became hatred and hatred became crime.

NOTICE.

(March 14, 1848.)

The clock of the Tulleries has stopped at three o'clock in the afternoon and has not been wound up

again. It marks the hour in which the Monarchy has fallen. All the windows of the front side of the Palace are broken. There are no curtains. If Louis-Philippe could have guessed this a month ago! The curtains are still hanging at one window of the rooms of the Comte de Joinville and at two of Madame Adelaide. The railings to the courts are broken, torn out of the ground and replaced by wooden fences. The railing in the Rue Castiglione is fastened with chains and stones. The passers-by can look into the cellar of the Pavillon Marsan and into the kitchens. They are sacked; a pile of earthen pots on an enormous kitchen table; everything else is broken. At the railing leading to the Pont-Royal a news-boy sells the last two numbers of Raspail's *L'Ami du Peuple* at one sou each. He calls out, "Buy the paper of the Citizen Raspail." A soldier buys the paper, looks at it, and returns it to him. "It is an old paper of a fortnight ago; I don't want it!" In the Palais-Royal, under the Galerie des Princes, which is entirely ruined, pamphlets are being offered for sale with loud cries. "The crimes of Louis-Philippe! Two sous! Louis-Philippe murders the Duc de Berry! Two sous! Louis-Philippe has the Prince de Condé hanged! Two sous!" The statue of Louis XIV. is decorated with a red cap, an enormous cap which covers his entire wig; it must have been especially made for him. A little urchin of three years sings, "Mourir pour la patrie!" "Do you know what that means?" asks the mother. "Oh, yes. You take a red flag and take a walk through the streets with it."

THE EQUALITY OF THE RACES.

(May 1848.)

The emancipation of slavery was proclaimed in all state and pomp at Guadeloupe. A captain of a battle-line ship, Monsieur Laryle, the Governor,

read the decree from a platform in the main square. Thousands of people crowded around him. The weather was magnificent. On the platform were three men, the representatives of the three races whose equality was proclaimed—a white man, the Governor; a mulatto who carried the umbrella, and a negro who carried the hat of the Governor.

LAMARTINE.

(May 1848.)

Lamartine had been called and he immediately journeyed to Paris. He arrived the evening before the contest between Cavaignac and the Executive Commission. A few friends awaited him at his lodgings. Also Madame de Girardin. She implored Lamartine to act energetically. "It is your last chance," she said; "let the people see how far you are above Cavaignac." Lamartine answered evasively. When pressed, he finally said, "I cannot and will not step over Cavaignac's corpse!" "But he can do it, and he has done it!" cried Madame Lamartine furiously, who had until then been silent.

Saturday, May 8, Lamartine read the report of the Provisional Government in the Assembly. He was enthusiastically acclaimed. Thereupon great fury at the Blanqui Club that evening. After a speech made by Esquirol against the teacher Delano, a red-capped man with bare arms stood up. "The Citizen De Lamartine (the "de" was emphasized) has just spoken. He cannot fool me any longer. I have believed long enough in his persuasiveness, his politics, his humanity. I now see him in the right light! The Citizen De Lamartine is neither a speaker nor patriot nor a man of honor! He is cheating France, he is cheating the people. I, too, had succumbed to his honey-sweet words. Now, however, I see that his words do not come from his heart!" These outbursts were en-

thusiastically applauded, especially by Esquiro. The remainder of the sitting was occupied with the debate about the events at Rouen, which were called butcheries, massacres, and a Bartholomew's Night of workmen. In the meantime a caricature went round—Lamartine, out of whose sleeve peeps the head of Henry V. Lamartine pushes it gently aside, saying, "Monseigneur, patience! Wait a bit, it will soon be your turn."

THIERS' MANNER OF SPEAKING.

"I am not an overthrower, I am not an overthrower. Still, still (*crescendo*), still I cannot defend these traditions. I grant you that experience speaks for you, that I grant you. But it has become routine, it has become routine. And do you know why? Do you want to imitate the Prussian or the Polish system? Then I have nothing against it, have nothing against it. But I struggle with all my conviction against this forced measure, against this forced measure. And do you know why?"

Thiers, Scribe, and Horace Vernet are only three incarnations of one and the same man—small talents, quick perception, but without imagination, without poetry, without invention, without measure, without style, without philosophy. Agreeable as improvisers, but always banal, even in their agreeableness; flattering the crowd but not leading them, bourgeois of the first water, well-read but not intelligent, adapting themselves to the first thing that comes along, therefore always on top. Making the mistakes

The Outlook.

which please, lacking in the virtues which hurt. "Working," in cases of necessity, large pictures, long plays, speeches which last hours, only great in quantity, not in quality. Men of the moment, giving themselves up to the moment without remembrance of yesterday, without presentiment for the morrow; no sense for the past, no instinct for the future. Tradition and newcomers are equally hated by them. They promise to last forever and they are soon forgotten; they are made to work quickly, to shoot up quickly, and to wither quickly.

Thiers is the most perfect example of this species. He possesses brains, wit, and envy. At times he is even surpassingly clever in his persuasiveness when he has been able to form a conviction. Grand gestures in order to cover his nothingness. He is on intimate terms with all great events, all great thoughts, and all great names. He has temperament, talks well, is impertinent, knows how to help himself—all of which ensnares the mediocre. In his speech, instead of lightning, only sparks which dazzle the short-sighted. The style is banal—exactly that which the average reader calls "clear." An enormous amount of aplomb, cheek, self-confidence, and an iron front. Behind him, within his reach, a bag of theories of all sizes which serve him as steps for his ascent. I have always had mixed feelings for this celebrated statesman and historian, for this mediocre writer and this narrow, small heart—feelings mixed with enthusiasm, antipathy, and contempt.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Grace Dawson's "How to Rest" is a prescription against nervous strain, put up in eight tiny chapters, which

enforce the connection between body, mind and spirit, and the ways in which each acts and reacts upon the others.

Readers who can accept its principles and put them in practical application may find some relief from the tension of the over-strenuous life of to-day. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Readers of Eugene Manlove Rhodes's "Good Men and True" will not need any persuasion to induce them to read his later story "Bransford in Arcadia" (Henry Holt & Co.) in which the dashing Jeff Bransford reappears and makes his daring and cheerful way through a variety of new adventures—some thrilling, some humorous and some romantic. Like its predecessor, the story is full of humor and spirit, and no one who likes tales of wild life on the plains can fail to enjoy it thoroughly. The scene is in a little town on the Mexican border. There is a murder, a bank robbery, clever impersonations, masquerade balls, plenty of villainy, hair-breadth escapes, almost a lynching, jovial good comradeship and some real romance. The characters are not wooden, the style is not crude, and the story altogether is one of the best recent additions to the Bret Harte class of fiction.

"The First Step," which gives its title to Eliza Orne White's charming novel (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is not, primarily at least, a first step in any moral sense, but the first step to a somewhat weather-worn old house to which the teller of the story falls heir, and the necessary repairing of which leads on to divers and sundry other changes, some architectural, some personal and some romantic. Not the least fascinating characteristic of the tale is its perfect naturalness. The characters are all true to life and perfectly individualized. The reader feels no need of stirring incident, or tragedy or scandal to sustain his interest; the characters do that, in their own simple way. This is a thoroughly sweet and wholesome story of New England life,

which belongs in the same class with Sarah Orne Jewett's stories and "Pratt Portraits." It can be read, if one chooses to hurry it, at a sitting, and it leaves a very pleasant taste in the mouth.

Being anonymous, "Overland Red" may find itself attributed to almost any author, and Mr. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, from whose pen came "Bransford in Arcadia," issued by the press of Henry Holt & Co., has been benevolently assured that he, consciously or unconsciously, wrote the first named book, which bears the imprint of Houghton Mifflin Company. The title may lead a person of some experience to the supposition that he is to read a tale of railway travel but what he is asked to enjoy is a story of Moonstone Canon Trail. The first page indicates the road thither; the last chapter joyously sings, "Here's to California, the darling of the West." The hero is a tramp of a rare species, and his true comrade, a younger tramp, is a mere boy, when the story opens, but a gallant lover when it closes. The author seems to have been equally influenced by Bret Harte, and Mr. Kipling, but he has a very pretty and original way of managing a plot, and wheels his story with movements slight and yet effective, as a horseman of skill guides his horse. The simile naturally suggests itself, for the author is as enthusiastic in his description of a horse, as was the lamented Winthrop, and especially of the horse of the cowboy country. The fable of the centaur seems realized to those who see the cowboy mounted, and to see him on foot in a barroom is thenceforth trustfully to accept Bret Harte's teachings as to his behavior in regard to drinks and cards, and pistols and the etiquette by which the three are governed. From this material the anonymous author has made a very pleasant story.